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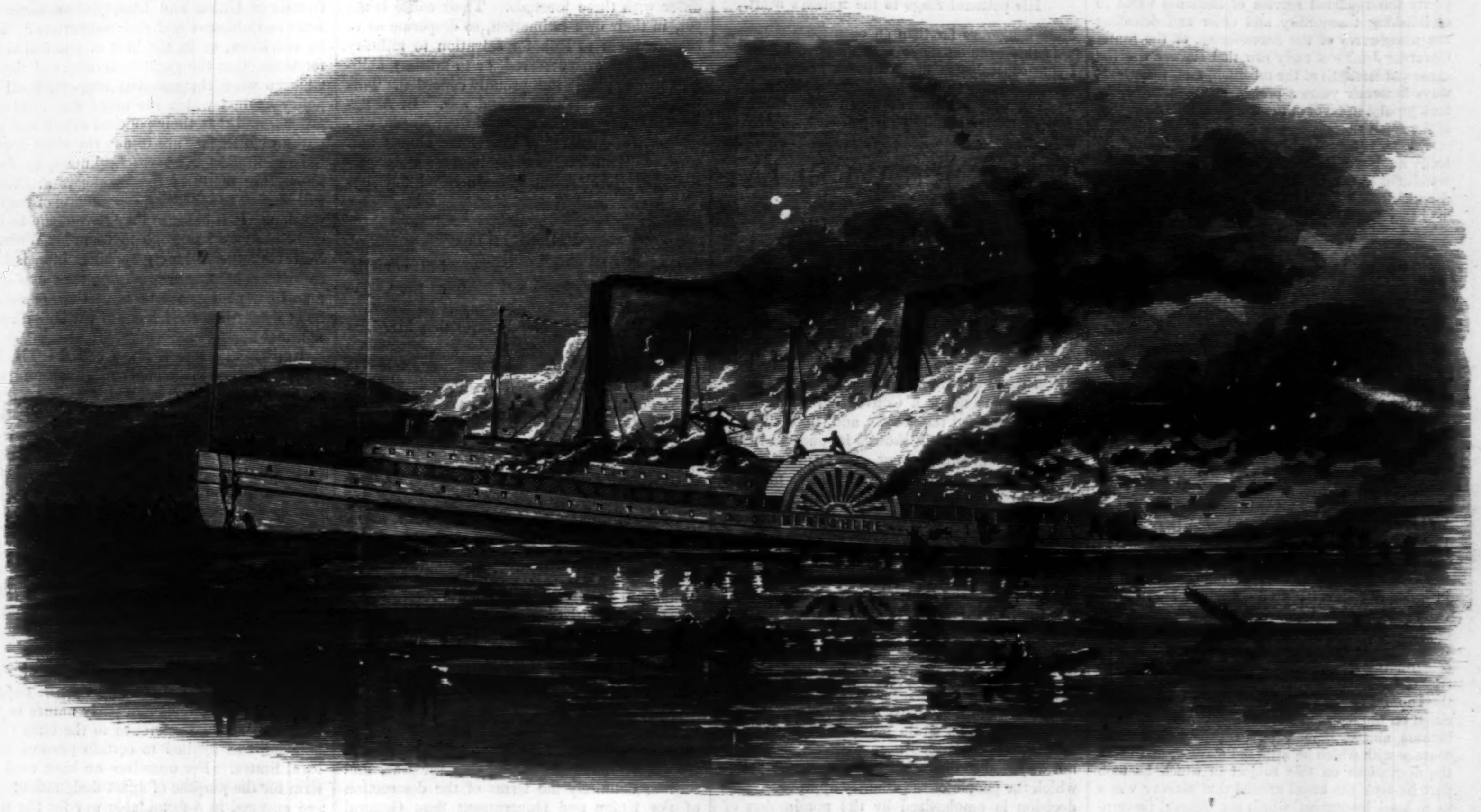
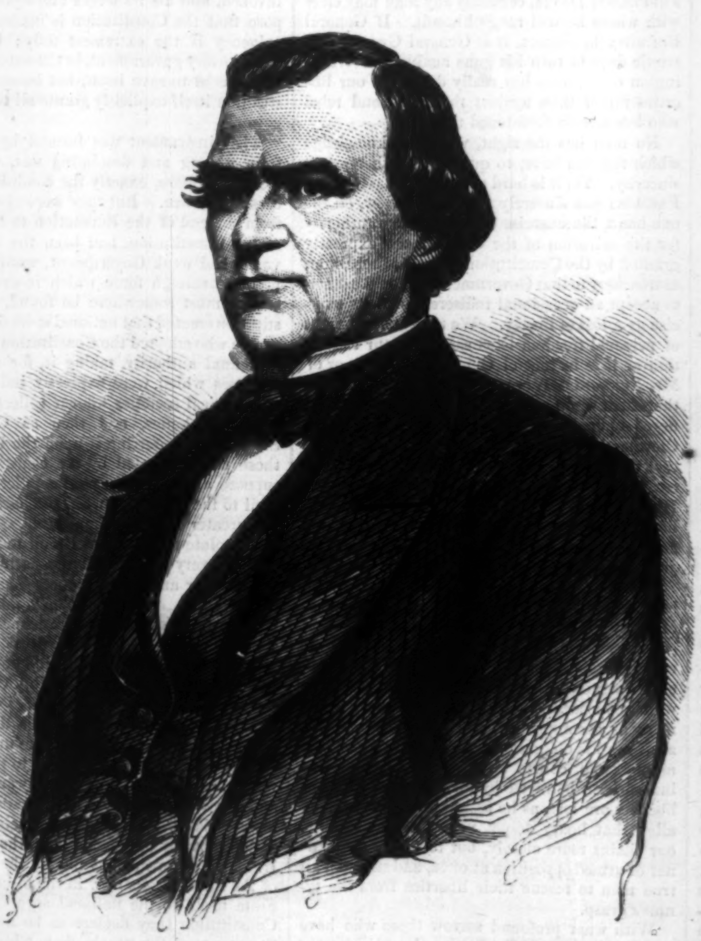
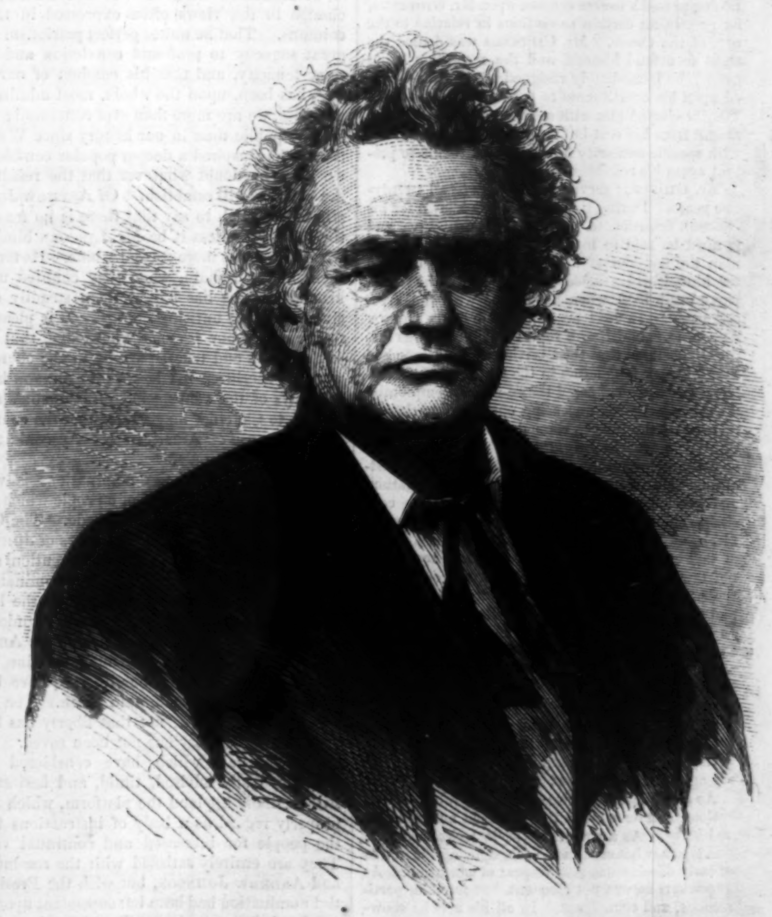


BURNING OF THE STEAMER "BERKSHIRE," ON THE HUDSON RIVER, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 8, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



GOVERNOR ANDREW JOHNSON, OF TENNESSEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE LATE JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. ALBERT, ASHTABULA, OHIO.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, nominated by the Baltimore Convention as the Union candidate for Vice-President—whose portrait we give on the preceding page—was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 29th of December, 1808. When ten years of age he was apprenticed to a tailor, and worked at that trade in South Carolina until his seventeenth year. He never attended school, but acquired a good common education by studying, after his marriage, under the direction of his wife. Having removed to Greenville, Tennessee, he was elected Mayor of that place in 1830, was elected to the State Legislature in 1835, and to the State Senate in 1841; and in 1843 became a Representative in Congress, serving until 1853. During the latter year he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and re-elected in 1855. In 1857 he was elected United States Senator for the term ending in 1863, and at once became conspicuous for his solid sense and sterling integrity. Upon the disclosure of the plans of the rebel conspirators he at once took high ground in support of the Government, denouncing and opposing with great bitterness and force the whole traitorous scheme. Upon the restoration of Tennessee he was made Provisional Governor of the State, and in that capacity has rendered service of immense value in establishing tranquillity and order and defeating the manœuvres of the Secessionists of the State. Governor Johnson early saw that slavery was the cause and strength of the rebellion, and, though always in former years a pro-slavery man, promptly took ground in favor of the complete extermination of the system.

"Andy" Johnson, like Mr. Lincoln, is emphatically a self-made man. He reflects directly, in his wonderful career, the genius of our institutions, under which the humblest citizen may attain the highest honors of the republic.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

Joshua Reed Giddings, whose portrait we give on the preceding page, was born at Athens, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, October 6, 1795. In his childhood his parents removed with him to Canandaigua, in this State; and at the age of ten he went with them to Ashtabula County, Ohio. Here he and his family were among the earliest settlers. His father was a farmer, and Joshua helped him, studying only in the long winter evenings. In 1812, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted as a volunteer, going to the war as a substitute for an older brother. He was engaged in two actions with the hostile Indians. When discharged he began teaching school. In 1817 he began the study of law in the office of Elisha Whittlesey, who was Controller of the Treasury for many years. In 1826 he was sent to the Legislature for one term, declining a re-election in order to follow his profession. In 1838 he re-entered public life, being sent to Congress in place of Mr. Whittlesey. His first motion in Congress was to strike out the enacting clause of a bill for constructing some public improvement in the District of Columbia, on the ground that the people of the District ought to ask no favors while they insisted on the maintenance of a slave-market. He became almost immediately conspicuous for the courage with which he attacked slavery, and in all the discussions on this subject in which he took part he took the broad ground that slavery was a mere local institution, which the General Government could not and ought not to acknowledge, and whose force ceased the moment the slave reached the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. In 1842 Congress, on the motion of Mr. John Minor [illegible], passed a severe censure upon Mr. Giddings, for presenting certain resolutions in relation to the case of the *Creole*. Mr. Giddings was denied the right to defend himself, and the resolution being passed, he immediately resigned his seat, and called upon his constituents to pass upon his conduct. They re-elected him with so little delay that he was absent from his seat but five weeks. He returned with specific authority from his constituents to present again his resolutions.

Mr. Giddings served in Congress in all twenty-one years. During this time he was known for his constant devotion to the principle of liberty; and it must be said in his honor that he denied to no man the freedom of discussion which he claimed for himself. He acted generally with the Whig party until 1848, when he worked with the Free-soil party. In 1844 he united with John Quincy Adams in submitting a report in which it was distinctly declared that the liberties of the people had their primary foundation in the truths of Christianity. In 1850 he opposed the so-called Compromise Measures. By his unceasing opposition to slavery he aroused the bitter personal hostility of the pro-slavery party. In July, 1850, he was charged with abstracting important papers from the General Post-office. He instantly demanded an investigation, and was entirely exonerated by a committee consisting chiefly of political opponents. In 1859 some blackguard in Richmond published in the journals of that city an advertisement offering a reward of ten thousand dollars to any one who would bring the person of Mr. Giddings to Richmond alive, and a reward of five thousand dollars for his head. In 1843 Mr. Giddings wrote a series of political essays over the signature "Pacificus." In 1853 was published a volume of his speeches. In 1858 he printed "The Exiles of Florida"—an important work, full of information on some of the obscurer portions of our history. Lately has been published a volume on which he had been engaged for some years, which gives a complete account of the slavery agitation in Congress.

As a public man he was pure, honorable, conscientious, and devoted to the principle and practice of liberty. As a writer, his style lacks elegance, and is somewhat crude and rude, showing the marks of early disadvantages in respect of education. As a speaker, he was not eloquent, but forcible, pertinacious, and courageous. In all his acts he showed personal courage and a determination to maintain the right at all hazards.

THE COPPERHEAD.

There's a venomous snake which lurks in the grass,
 A slimy, treacherous, horrible thing;
Of a copperish hue are his ugly folds,
 And he gives no warning before his sting,
  But strikes with a secret and sudden dart,
  Leaving a poisoned and deadly smart.

In the cool sweet meadows and over the fields,
 Mid the tall green shoots and the clover blooms,
He crawls along on his horrid scales,
 And through the depths of the forest glooms
  This hideous reptile his slow path takes,
  The vilest of all the race of snakes.

He basks in the light of the sun by day,
 And hides in his narrow den at night
Along with his mate and pestilent brood.
 Oh, a loathsome, hateful, repulsive sight
  Is this slimy serpent, this crawling thing,
  With the copperish hide and the deadly sting!

Of late he has taken the shape of man,
 As of old took Satan the serpent's form,
Plotting at night in his traitorous den,
 And lurking by day in the sunshine warm,
  Ready to strike with a secret dart
  His poisoned fangs to the Nation's heart.

More dangerous far than an open foe
 Is this cunning snake with fangs so keen,
Lying concealed in the tall green grass,
 And striving to hide his venomed spleen.
  Oh, what shall we do with the hateful thing
  To render harmless his poisoned sting?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 25, 1864.

THE UNION NOMINATIONS.

The Baltimore Convention met and organized on the 7th of June, and on the 8th, in one session, laid down its platform, nominated Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson with enthusiastic unanimity, and adjourned.

There was never a Convention which more truly represented the people, and, upon the first opportunity offered, it showed its purpose in the most unmistakable manner. No one who watched its deliberations, or who has read its proceedings, but must feel that it expressed the strongest popular determination for the unflinching prosecution of the war by every efficient method. Its settlement of the Missouri question, by admitting the radical delegation from that State, and excluding the other, by a vote of 440 to 4, was the indication that the vast mass of the Union men in the country have parted company with the hesitating and doubtful course which has been associated with the name of Blair. The resolutions, clear, incisive, and full, are to the same result, and leave no doubt in any mind that the "Border State policy," having served its purpose, and a purpose with which we are not disposed to quarrel, is no longer the policy which the people of the country approve. This decision is emphasized by the nomination of Andrew Johnson, a life-long Democrat, who has been educated by fire and sword straight up to the necessities of the crisis.

Of Abraham Lincoln we have nothing to change in the views often expressed in these columns. That he unites perfect patriotism and great sagacity to profound conviction and patient tenacity, and that his conduct of our affairs has been, upon the whole, most admirable and wise, we are more than ever convinced; and that no public man in our history since Washington has inspired a deeper popular confidence we have no doubt whatever that the result of the election will establish. Of Andrew Johnson it is enough to say that there is no man in the country, unless it be Mr. Lincoln himself, whom the rebels more cordially hate. He fought them in the Senate, when they counted upon his aid, and he has fought them steadily ever since and with untiring energy. It is pleasant to record, of our personal knowledge, that one of the wisest and truest patriots in the country, who has sacrificed not less than Johnson himself, says of the contingency of Johnson's succession to the chief magistracy, that the country and the cause of American Liberty could then not be in safer hands.

The reception of the nominations is what might have been expected of a people which had virtually ordered them to be made. The Copperhead journals, the late supporters of John B. Floyd & Co., denounce the Convention as a corrupt body; and seeing in the nominations the most tremendous proclamation of the loyal citizens of the United States to all enemies at home and abroad that the cause of the American Union is to be fought out upon this line, they renew their old cry that our liberties have been lost in the effort to maintain them. The real Copperhead regret is, not that liberty has been lost, but that slavery has not been saved. The Union journals which have considered Mr. Lincoln badly advised, timid, and hesitating, still cordially applaud the platform, which they properly regard as a body of instructions from the people for increased and continual vigor. They are entirely satisfied with the resolutions and Andrew Johnson, but wish the Presidential nomination had been left dependent upon the result of the campaign. That is a view of the situation which seems to us peculiarly erroneous, and fraught with the utmost danger. The reliance of every patriot is and must be upon the sturdy good sense and purpose of the people—a faith not to be shaken by disaster, and a purpose which demands that the Chief Magistrate, at such a period as this, shall be a tried, and not an untried man.

It is remarkable that journals which we have always supposed were truly and not technically "democratic," because believing in the general wisdom and instinct of the people, while they regret to see that Mr. Lincoln has been renominated, confess that he is beyond any question the man and the choice of the people. We believe it also, and for that reason, if for no other, heartily hail the result. If the Baltimore Convention had adjourned to some future day, because the military campaign is not yet decided, its action—by revealing an utter want of popular confidence in the present Administration, under which that campaign is conducted—would have done more to defeat military operations, and destroy the faith of the country, than any step which could be named.

Fortunately for the good cause, the people differ with these journals. Their cause is not yet, in their own estimation, so desperate as to require them to look for salvation to military prestige, however deserved, or to military ability, however gladly and proudly conceded. This is the loyal people's cause and war. In Abraham Lincoln they have found their sincere representative. Therefore they have almost universally demanded his renomination, and therefore they will elect him by a conclusive majority.

FREMONT.

General Fremont has resigned his commission in the army, and has accepted the Cleveland nomination. In accepting it he has written a letter in which he declares that Mr. Lincoln has already deprived the people of those liberties against which also Jefferson Davis took up arms. That we may do General Fremont no injustice, we quote his words. Among the objects of the Cleveland Convention, he says, was to bring the people "to realize that while we are saturating Southern soil with the best blood of the country, in the name of Liberty, we have really parted with it at home."

In the estimation of General Fremont, therefore, the guilt of the President and of Davis is equal; and if what he says be true, the war is as unholy as ever Mr. Vallandigham or Mr. Fernando Wood declared it to be. No loyal, liberty-loving citizen of the United States can be more fairly asked to sustain, by a single dollar or word or wish, an Administration which has deliberately overthrown the Constitution and liberty, than to encourage a conspiracy which aims at the same result. The strongest friend of the rebellion, the most vehement apostle of "peace," has never offered a plainer and more conclusive reason for immediately stopping the war, and settling definitely the terms of the destruction of the Union and Government than General Fremont offers in his letter. If Mr. Lincoln be equally treacherous to the Constitution with Jefferson Davis, certainly any man may elect with whom he will range himself. If General Fremont be correct, it is General Grant's patriotic duty to turn his guns against the Washington traitor who has really destroyed our liberties rather than against the Richmond rebel who has merely threatened them.

No man has the right, without a knowledge which few can have, to question another man's sincerity. Yet it is hard to conceive that General Fremont can sincerely mean us to view, on the one hand, the exercise of an arbitrary authority for the salvation of the Government, expressly granted by the Constitution in time of rebellion, as treachery to that Government; or, on the other, to accept an occasional indiscretion in its exercise as a loss of liberty. We trust that the right of personal freedom is as sacred in our estimation as it is in that of General Fremont or of Mr. Fernando Wood; and we can not forget that Mr. Wendell Phillips, whose letter is urged upon General Fremont as virtually the Cleveland platform, does not hesitate to concede that the exercise of arbitrary power may be necessary, and must be allowed at a time like this. His words are: "In sixty days after the rebellion broke out the Administration suspended *habeas corpus*, on the plea of military necessity, justly."

Yet that a sense of personal wrong, long brooded, and fostered by unfortunate influences of many kinds, may confuse even a noble and generous mind, history too plainly shows. It remains for us, then, only to deplore that General Fremont adopts a view of the situation which concedes the destruction of the government as accomplished, and releases every citizen from his obligations. The more direct, the more heroic, course for him, if the cause has indeed been betrayed by Mr. Lincoln and our liberties are lost, as he asserts, would be, not to allow that hoary despot nearly a year to forge our chains more closely, but to unroll the banner of armed opposition at once, and summon all true men to rescue their liberties from the tyrant's grasp.

With what profound sorrow those who have known the name of Fremont only as the watchword of Liberty and Union now hear him repeating the cry of Vallandigham and the Copperheads, adopting their extremest position as his own, only those who have known what it is to see the moral fall of a leader almost romantically admired can imagine. If Fremont had died before the war began his name would always have shone in our history with a lovely lustre, as a symbol of the regenerative principle of American politics. He was not President, the historian would have said, but his name expressed the aspiration of awakening conscience in the people.

When, then, it is asked hereafter, How did he change? the reply will be simple: that, at a time when slavery by force of arms was struggling to overthrow the Government which was the security of liberty, he denounced certain acts of that Government in self-defense as themselves a virtual overthrow of the Constitution, and separating himself in the crisis from the mass of his truest friends, threw himself into the arms of the bitterest enemies of Liberty. Does General Fremont believe that the gentlemen who are going to the Chicago Convention, and who will support its nominations, are any truer friends of Union and Liberty than those who went to Baltimore and their supporters? Does he not know, or in the heat of passion has he forgotten, that the gentlemen who will meet at Chicago were the steadiest supporters of that policy against which his name was formerly a protest, and that their political action and sympathy with slavery are to-day the chief hope of the rebellion? And yet he knows, as we all know, that many of the managers at Chicago will be glad to see him the candidate of the Convention. Is it because they have come to him, or because he has gone to them? When the New York *World* loudly applauds him, is it because he is helping or hindering the cause of human liberty? because he is uniting, or because he is distracting, the friends of the Union and of national honor?

Browning wrote a poem called "The Lost Leader," whose melancholy music murmurs forever in the hearts of all who have read it with experience. But never, perhaps, will its lines recur to thousands and thousands of young and earnest American hearts so painfully as they do since Fremont wrote his letter. Was that enthusiasm of the generous youth of a whole nation so despicable? Is the smile of Davis, is the cheer of Fernando Wood, so much sweeter than the trust of unknown multitudes? Was it worth while to cease to be the Fremont of June, 1856, to be the Fremont of June, 1864?

POLITICAL EPITHETS.

In his speech at the Grant meeting Judge Daly is reported to have said that he deprecated the use of epithets and party names in politics, with especial reference to the term "Copperhead," as applied to certain persons in the loyal States. For ourselves we have used that term for the purpose of exact designation. We are engaged in a formidable war for the maintenance of the Government and Union. In its prosecution every power of the Constitution is invoked, and all its forces employed. To suppose that the Constitution is inadequate to the exigency is the extremest folly; because not only is every government, in the nature of things, empowered to save itself, but because the Constitution itself explicitly grants all the necessary power.

That instrument was framed by men fresh from a long and desolating war, who understood, therefore, exactly the conditions and necessities of war. But they were also men who, from the end of the Revolution to the adoption of the Constitution, had been the victims of a vague and weak Government, wanting that supreme sovereign force which in every political society must somewhere be found. The Constitution created the national sovereignty. The people who adopted the Constitution surrendered that final authority, taking it, for all national purposes which were expressly indicated, from the political societies known collectively as the United Colonies, and then as Confederated States, and conferring it upon the Union which those people created by the Constitution. To suppose an essentially vital conflict, in time of peril to the Union, between the lesser State and the greater Union is impossible. To question the absolute right of that Union to maintain itself by every power and means by which any State under any circumstances might maintain itself, is idle. If there be any purpose in the Union whatever, it is its own perpetuity until it shall be modified as the Constitution itself provides. To resist any other kind of modification whatever is the most solemn duty of every citizen subject to that Constitution.

Now when an armed attempt at the overthrow of that Union is made, and made under circumstances of the extremest danger to the commonwealth, whoever aids the effort by arms is a rebel and a traitor. Such are Jefferson Davis and his associates. They plead as their sole justification, not any oppression upon the part of that Union government, but merely the sovereignty of the State as superior, in the discretion of the State itself, to the national sovereignty. The Constitution they declare to be a compact of States, not of the people, from which any State may at will withdraw. Whoever, therefore, encourages that view plainly helps, in the most effective manner, to weaken the fidelity of the citizens of the Union to their government, and affords the utmost moral aid to the insurrection. This aid may be rendered in many ways, but its strongest weapon is the assertion of supreme State sovereignty. This, again, may be done by implication, by insinuation, by sophistry and deceit. Yet in all cases the intention is the same. It is to impair the fidelity of the citizens to the government, and consequently to paralyze the national arm in asserting its supremacy. Under the circumstances, the intention must be judged by the possible result. If a regiment refuses to go into the battle, it must be supposed that it is willing to connive at the defeat of the army.

There is a certain class of citizens of the United States who are in armed rebellion against its authority. They are rebels and traitors. There is another class who deny the right of the Government to coerce or subdue them. These are practically the same, although they are not actually in arms. These are the "peace" men. But there is a third class who, without deliberately denying the right of the Government to enforce its authority, steadily pursue a course which, by aspersing the purity of its intention, by sowing the seeds of discord among its supporters, by charging every military mishap directly upon the Administration, and never crediting it with any of the military successes; by insisting upon its universal corruption, by magnifying the rebel resources and successes, by personal ridicule of the President and Congress, by personal laudation of Davis and the rebel ringleaders, by the incessant assertion of State dignity and State rights, as well as by every poor and mean trick of political partisanship—leads straight to the discouragement of loyal men and the triumph of the rebellion.

Of course this is all done under the show of the tenderest regard for the Union and the Constitution, or it would not be so effective. There is an air of profound and candid perplexity in deciding whether, after all, the President has not virtually overthrown the Constitution in his efforts to maintain the Union, which can hardly be intended to strengthen the hearts either of Union voters or of Union soldiers. It is a stealthy, insidious, fatal policy. Every manly heart in the land understands it. Its symbol is the snake. This class, and the papers which represent it, are the "Copperheads" or our present political parlance. They could not be more exactly described. When they are, we will call them by a new name.

PATRIOTISM BEFORE PARTY.

That part of the Union men in the country who have been accustomed to feel that, directly or indirectly, Mr. Thurlow Weed exercised some kind of influence with the Administration, and an influence which they sincerely regretted, will read with surprise in Mr. Weed's latest letter these words: "Though always treated courteously by Mr. Lincoln, my views and suggestions have not concurred with his convictions of duty; and from my first interview with the President, at Springfield, to my last in January, I have been of no account."

The confession which Mr. Weed thus frankly makes could be made, doubtless, by every other representative of an extreme policy in the country. The gentlemen, for instance, who met at Cleveland openly charge the President with a betrayal of his principles, which is a plain admission that they have been, like Mr. Weed, "of no account." Whether these facts imply a misfortune for the country or an incompetency in the President the people must determine. Whether the war would have been more clearly comprehended and more wisely prosecuted if Mr. Weed or Mr. Parker Pillsbury had been President than it has been by Mr. Lincoln, are questions that the election will determine. If we might express an opinion, we should say that Mr. Lincoln has probably more faith in the people than Mr. Weed, and more practical sagacity than Mr. Pillsbury. We certainly do not impugn the patriotism or the good faith of either of these gentlemen when we say that Mr. Lincoln seems to us to have apprehended more correctly than either of them both the significance of the contest and the conditions of ultimate success.

The caustic differences between Mr. Weed and some of his late political friends show, indeed, what every thoughtful man will gladly see, that ancient party bonds are broken. When those who, four years ago, were uncompromising Republicans cordially fraternize with such undoubted old Democrats as Daniel S. Dickinson and Benjamin F. Butler and Thomas G. Alvord, and ardently support for the Vice-Presidency a late slaveholding Southern Democrat like Andrew Johnson, it is clear that those party names have lost their significance, and that the sole bond of Union is a common devotion to the country, and a common resolution that it shall be saved by all honorable and lawful means. It is idle to call a Convention which nominated Andrew Johnson a Republican Convention in any purely party sense; or to suppose that General Butler, for instance, will vote for Mr. Lincoln as a technical, partisan Democrat. It is as idle as to call a Convention in which Dickinson could have no part a Democratic Convention.

That the war would inevitably produce this result we have always believed, because we have never doubted that patriotism was more powerful among us than party-spirit. The whole history of the last three years has shown that, while the selfish few have clung to party names, the patriotic multitude have repudiated all party but the country. This is seen in the election of Governor Coney of Maine, of Governor Brough of Ohio, of Daniel S. Dickinson as Attorney-General of New York, and not less in that of Governor Buckingham of Connecticut and Governor Low of California. Now comes the crowning proof of the real fusion of the unconditional Union sentiment in one organization—the nomination of Lincoln and Johnson.

COLONEL P. A. PORTER.

In the fierce assault of Grant's army on Friday morning, June 3, Colonel Porter fell at the head of his regiment, the Eighth New York Artillery. The regiment had been long stationed at Baltimore, and went to the front only about three weeks before the action. It was advancing across an open space when a masked battery opened upon it a withering fire, by which the Colonel was instantly killed, the Major dangerously wounded, and more than half the men disabled. Colonel Porter was the son of the late P. B. Porter, of Niagara Falls—a conspicuous figure upon the frontier during the last war with Great Britain. The son graduated at Harvard College about sixteen years ago, traveled and studied in Europe for several years, and returned to the enjoyment of an immense property, and the delights of a society of which he was a most brilliant and genial part. Without devotion to any especial pursuit, he amused himself and others by the mere play of his fine powers until the war aroused and enlisted all his sympathy. He appeared in the Union State Convention of 1861, and went in the following winter to the Assembly. At the second great call in the summer of 1862 he raised a regiment in his neighborhood and departed for the field. Nominated as Secretary of State by the Union Convention of 1863, he declined in a manly letter, saying that he had promised his men and their kindred that he would not desert them. He kept his word in this as in all things. Steady and cheerful in his garrison life at Baltimore, he was not less so in the field, and fell in his first battle.

Like so many others whose names have become precious since the war began, he had all things to live for, and the sacrifice was complete. Brave, gifted, young, well, bound to life by the tenderest ties, his devotion to the cause was the more admirable because of the drawings of blood and association toward the South. But his clear brain and true heart never swerved for a moment; and his life is added to the costly price with which we buy the unity of our country, and the national peace which shall endure.

THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

"If I were a poet, like you, my friend,"
  Said a bronzed old sergeant, speaking to me,
"I would make a rhyme of this mastiff here;
  For a right good Union dog is he,
Although he was born on 'secesh' soil,
  And his master fought in the rebel ranks.
If you'll do it I'll tell you his history,
  And give you in pay, why—a soldier's thanks.

"Well, the way we came across him was this:
  We were on the march, and 'twas getting late
When we reached a farm-house, deserted by all
  Save this mastiff here, who stood at the gate.
Thin and gaunt as a wolf was he,
  And a piteous whine he gave 'twixt the bars;
But, bless you! if he didn't jump for joy
  When he saw our flag with the Stripes and Stars.

"Next day when we started again on the march,
  With us went Jack without word or call;
Stopping for rest at the order to 'halt,'
  And taking his rations along with us all;
Never straggling, but keeping his place in line,
  Far to the right, and close beside me;
And I don't care where the other is found,
  There never was better drilled dog than he.

"He always went with us into the fight,
  And the thicker the bullets fell around,
And the louder the rattling musketry rolled,
  Louder and fiercer his bark would sound;
And once when wounded, and left for dead,
  After a bloody and desperate fight,
Poor Jack, as faithful as friend can be,
  Lay by my side on the field all night.

"And so when our regiment home returned,
  We brought him along with us, as you see;
And Jack and I being much attached,
  The boys seemed to think he belonged to me.
And here he has lived with me ever since;
  Right pleased with his quarters, too, he seems.
There are no more battles for brave old Jack,
  And no more marches except in dreams.

"But the best of all times for the old dog is
  When the thunder mutters along the sky,
Then he wakes the echoes around with his bark,
  Thinking the enemy surely is nigh.
Now I've told you his history, write him a rhyme—
  Some day poor Jack in his grave must rest—
And of all the rhymes of this cruel war
  Which your brain has made let his be the best."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*June* 8. The bill to amend the act concerning certain private land claims in New Mexico was passed.—The bill respecting Consular jurisdiction over the crews of foreign vessels in American waters was also passed.—The bill for the repeal of the commutation clause of the Enrollment Act was taken up, and a letter was read from the Provost-Marshal General, recommending the abrogation of all exemptions from military duty upon payment of money, every man drafted to serve or furnish a substitute. The letter of the Provost-Marshal General shows that of 14,741 drafted men in certain States, 5050 paid the $300, and after deducting these and such as were exempt on physical grounds, the Government got only 2675—of whom 1416 were substitutes, leaving only 1259 of the 14,741 originally drawn. No final action was taken.——*June* 9. The $300 exemption matter was taken up, and the bill amended, so that drafts hereafter shall be for one year only, and a person shall not be subject to draft a second time until the present enrollment shall be exhausted. Overplus of men already furnished in any district to be credited in future drafts. In this shape the amendments were adopted—22 to 17.——*June* 10. Mr. Lane introduced a joint resolution recognizing the newly organized loyal government in Arkansas, and exempting that State from the operation of all proclamations declaring the people to be in rebellion.——*June* 11. Mr. Lane, of Kansas, added a new section to his resolutions relating to the recognition of the new State government of Arkansas, to the effect that the resolutions shall be in force from and after the acceptance by the people of the State and the President's proclamation of the same. The California Land Claims bill was discussed during the morning, and the Indian Appropriation bill was passed as amended, and goes back to the House.——*June* 13. A long discussion was had on Mr. Lane's resolutions relative to reorganizing the free State of Arkansas. They were finally referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The Consular bill was passed.——*June* 14. The House bill to amend the act to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Idaho was passed.—The bill to repair certain public works on the Lakes was also passed.—The bill to ascertain and settle private land claims in California, involving the great Miranda grant, was indefinitely postponed. The Fortification bill was called up, with the Senate's amendments thereto. The bill finally passed. The joint resolution for the relief of the State of Wisconsin was passed.—The Senate adhered to its amendments to the bill equalizing the pay of United States soldiers, and agreed to a new Committee of Conference.

House.—*June* 8. The Senate bill conferring veto power on the Governor of Washington Territory was passed, 73 against 44.—The House then resumed the consideration of the Bankrupt bill. An amendment was made so that no person can avail himself of its benefits whose liabilities are less than $500.——*June* 9. Mr. Brandagee reported a bill providing for the construction of a line of railway communication between the cities of New York and Washington, and to constitute the same a public highway, and military road, and postal route. A debate sprung up, which was interrupted by Mr. Jenckes calling up the Bankrupt bill. The bill was rejected by yeas 64, nays 65. —Mr. Washburne reported a bill, which was passed, to insure the more certain enforcement of the law regulating the carrying of passengers in ships and steam-vessels, mainly between New York and California.—The bill providing that goods, trunks, carpet-bags, baggage, etc., be sealed, etc., in the United States as in Europe, and for the increase of revenue inspectors to sixty in number, mainly on the Canada frontier, was passed.—The House also passed the Senate bill regulating the foreign and coasting trade on the Northern, Northeastern, and Northwestern frontiers.——*June* 10. The Missouri contested seat (Knox *vs.* Blair) was decided against General Blair, the acting member, and Mr. Knox, Radical Republican, was admitted by a vote of 70 to 52.—The Dakota contested seat was then taken up, on a resolution declaring that William Jayne, acting member, is not, and J. B. Todd, contestant, is, entitled to the place. No vote was taken.——*June* 11. A resolution was passed that the House, the Senate concurring, shall adjourn on the 23d of June.—The Judiciary Committee reported unanimously that the bill providing for the collection of abandoned property and the prevention of frauds in insurrectionary districts, approved March 12, 1863, is not in force.—On a motion for the reconsideration of the vote on the Bankrupt bill it was decided to postpone the further consideration of the subject till December next.—During the remainder of the sitting the House was occupied with the reception and discussion of reports on various contested seats, that of the Dakota election occupying several hours, and resulting in a decision "that Mr. Todd is entitled to a seat as the delegate from Dakota."——*June* 13. Mr. Dawes made a report, concluding with resolutions that Robert C. Schenck having resigned his commission as Major-General of Volunteers on the 21st of November, 1863, to take effect on the 5th of December, was not by reason of having held such office disqualified from occupying a seat in the Thirty-eighth Congress as a Representative from Ohio, the session having commenced on the 7th of December; but that Frank P. Blair, by continuing to hold office as a Major-General of Volunteers, and discharging the duties thereof from November 29, 1862, till January, 1864, thus disqualified himself from holding a seat in the Thirty-eighth Congress, which met December 7, 1863.—Mr. Schenck introduced a bill repealing the $300 clause in the Enrollment Act, and providing that hereafter no payment of money shall be accepted or received from any enrollment or drafted man to be relieved of liability to perform military duty. Mr. Schenck moved the previous question on the passage of the bill. The previous question was not seconded, and debate rising, the bill went over.—Mr. Garfield introduced a joint resolution that no State declared to be in rebellion by the President is entitled to appoint electors of President and Vice-President, and no electoral vote from any such State shall be received or counted until both Houses of Congress, by concurrent action, shall have recognized a State Government in such State: laid on the table; yeas 104, nays 33.—The House then took up the resolution of Mr. Lazear, proposing a suspension of hostilities, and requiring the President to adopt measures for assembling a convention of delegates from all the States to adjust the difficulties between the North and the South on the basis of the Constitution. The House refused by a vote of yeas 65 to suspend the rules for the introduction of the resolution.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the House bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. After some debate the bill passed, 82 against 58.——*June* 14. The House reconsidered the vote by which, recently, the Senate Gold bill was laid upon the table. Mr. Hooper's substitute for the first section of the bill was agreed to. The bill then passed; yeas 76, nays 62.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill making appropriations for certain civil expenses. The bill was defeated, and the House recommitted it to the Committee of Ways and Means.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill proposing an amendment to the Constitution to abolish slavery throughout the United States. Mr. Pruyn spoke against it. Fernando Wood also opposed the amendment. Mr. Higby spoke on the side of freedom.—The evening was devoted to speech-making.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

Our record last week closed with intelligence from General Grant's army to Tuesday, June 7. During that and the following day every thing remained quiet, both armies engaging in the erection of earth-works. On Tuesday a flag of truce was sent out by General Grant, and under the direction of the corps commanders the dead and wounded between the lines of works were brought off. On Thursday there was some artillery firing on our left about Dispatch Station, to which place our line had been extended the day before, giving us a position on the eastern bank of the Chickahominy. On Friday the rebel cavalry dashed into the lines of General Wilson, one of our cavalry commanders, near the Lenny House. On Saturday General Wilson sent out a part of M'Intosh's brigade to see where the enemy was. Their pickets were driven back, and their outer line forced, the cavalry passing over the intrenchments. About a mile west of Bethesda's Church M'Intosh came upon Field's division of infantry, and having accomplished the purpose of his reconnoissance, retired.

The latest accounts report that an important movement was in progress with a prospect of entire success.

The railroad track, which had been completed from White House to within a mile or two of the army, has been torn up again, and the rails and ties brought back to the White House, where they were placed on barges. Seven hundred men were first engaged in repairing this road, and about the same number aided in destroying it.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN.

Active operations have been resumed by General Butler's forces. On Friday, 10th, 1400 cavalry, under General Kautz, and a brigade of infantry, under General Gillmore, made a demonstration against Petersburg. The cavalry, attacking the works on the south side of the city, carried the outer lines, and drove the enemy into the heart of the town, capturing one gun and several prisoners. General Gillmore, when within a mile and a half of Petersburg, from some cause, turned back, failing to co-operate, as was expected, with General Kautz, who was consequently obliged to retire. His design was to destroy the dépôts and store-houses in Petersburg; and this, had he been supported, he would have accomplished. Three or four miles of the track of the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad was, however, destroyed during the expedition.

MOVEMENTS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

On Sunday, June 5, General Hunter engaged a rebel force, under General W. E. Jones, at Piedmont, in the Shenandoah Valley, winning a decisive victory. General Jones was killed, and we captured 1500 prisoners, 3000 stand of arms, three pieces of artillery, and a large amount of stores. After the engagement the enemy retired in a southerly direction to Waynesboro, situated on the Virginia Central Railroad, about midway between Staunton and Charlottesville. General Hunter at once pushed forward and occupied Staunton, fifteen miles from the battle-field. General Hunter's movement, up to the occupation of that place, had resulted in the capture of one battery of six pieces, besides other cannon of heavy calibre, and of three millions of dollars' worth of stores, together with the destruction of a large amount of railroad property and the capture of a large number of prisoners. On taking Staunton General Hunter found that every man and boy had been called out for its defense. He effected a junction with Generals Averill and Crook soon after occupying Staunton.

On the 13th General Hunter moved from Staunton with the combined forces of Crook and Averill. An expedition sent to Waynesborough destroyed several railroad bridges and tore up the track.

JOHN MORGAN AGAIN BEATEN.

John Morgan, with some 2500 rough-riders, last week entered Kentucky by Pound Gap, and by swift movements got possession of Paris, Georgetown, Cynthia, Williamstown, Mount Sterling, and other towns. The ostensible object of the "raid" was to pick up fresh horses, but indiscriminate robbery and murder marked the course of the invaders. A passenger train on the Louisville and Lexington Railroad, near Smithfield, was attacked, and two passenger cars and a baggage car burned and the express car robbed. Other trains were attacked, and railroad communication was for some days interrupted. On Thursday, 9th, General Burbridge, who followed Morgan from Pound Gap, came up with the marauders at Mount Sterling, and whipped him handsomely. A portion of Morgan's command, however, entered Lexington at two o'clock on Friday morning, burned the Kentucky Central Railroad dépôt, robbed a number of stores, and left at ten o'clock, in the direction of Georgetown and Frankfort. Part of the town of Cynthia was also burned. Two Ohio regiments stationed there were captured. On Sunday morning, 12th, General Burbridge fell upon Morgan's forces while at breakfast near Cynthia, and after an hour's hard fighting completely routed him, killing three hundred, wounding nearly as many, and capturing nearly four hundred, besides recapturing nearly one hundred of the Ohio troops, and over one thousand horses. Our loss in killed and wounded was about one hundred and fifty.

MOVEMENTS IN ARKANSAS.

The rebels having accumulated a considerable force in Arkansas, General Andrew Jackson Smith recently left Vicksburg with his command for operations in that State. On the 5th instant he came up with a force of the enemy, 3000 strong, at Columbia, some 90 miles above Vicksburg, on the opposite side of the river, and an engagement ensued, resulting in the defeat of the rebels. Our loss was 20 killed and 70 wounded, the enemy's loss was about the same. The town of Columbia was fired. The Mississippi was for some days partly blockaded at that point.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

There have been few movements of importance in Georgia during the past week. On the 12th, General Sherman had his head-quarters at Big Shanty, with the lines of our army within 500 yards of the enemy, who were posted along the hills from Kenesaw to Lost Mountain, protecting Marietta and the railroad south of that point.

A DEFEAT IN TENNESSEE.

The expedition of General Sturgis, which left Memphis on the 1st instant, has returned. At Guntown our force was attacked by 10,000 rebel infantry and cavalry, under Generals Lee and Roddy, and a desperate fight ensued, resulting in the defeat of Sturgis, with the loss of his wagon train and ammunition. The last was a most severe loss, and Sturgis had run out of ammunition, and was obliged to destroy and abandon his artillery. Many of his infantry were captured, but the exact number is not known. General Sturgis's force consisted of 3000 cavalry and 5000 infantry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The blockade-runner *Georgiana M'Cew* was driven ashore at Wilmington, North Carolina, June 2, by the Federal steamer *Victoria*. She was boarded by boats from the *Victoria*, which secured her captain, 29 of the crew, and three passengers, fourteen having escaped to the shore. Among those captured is a bearer of dispatches from Paris and London to Richmond.

On the 3d inst., at 2 o'clock in the morning, the United States steamer *Water Witch*, Lieutenant-Commander Austin Pendergrast, in Ossabaw Sound, Georgia, was captured by eight armed boats sent from the rebel Fort M'Allister.

A dispatch from Mobile, dated June 6, says that the steamer *Daregan* was captured that morning while attempting to run the blockade. She had an assorted cargo.

The blockade-runners *Thistle*, *Rose*, and *Isabel*, all powerful steamers, have been captured by our fleet on the Southern coasts.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

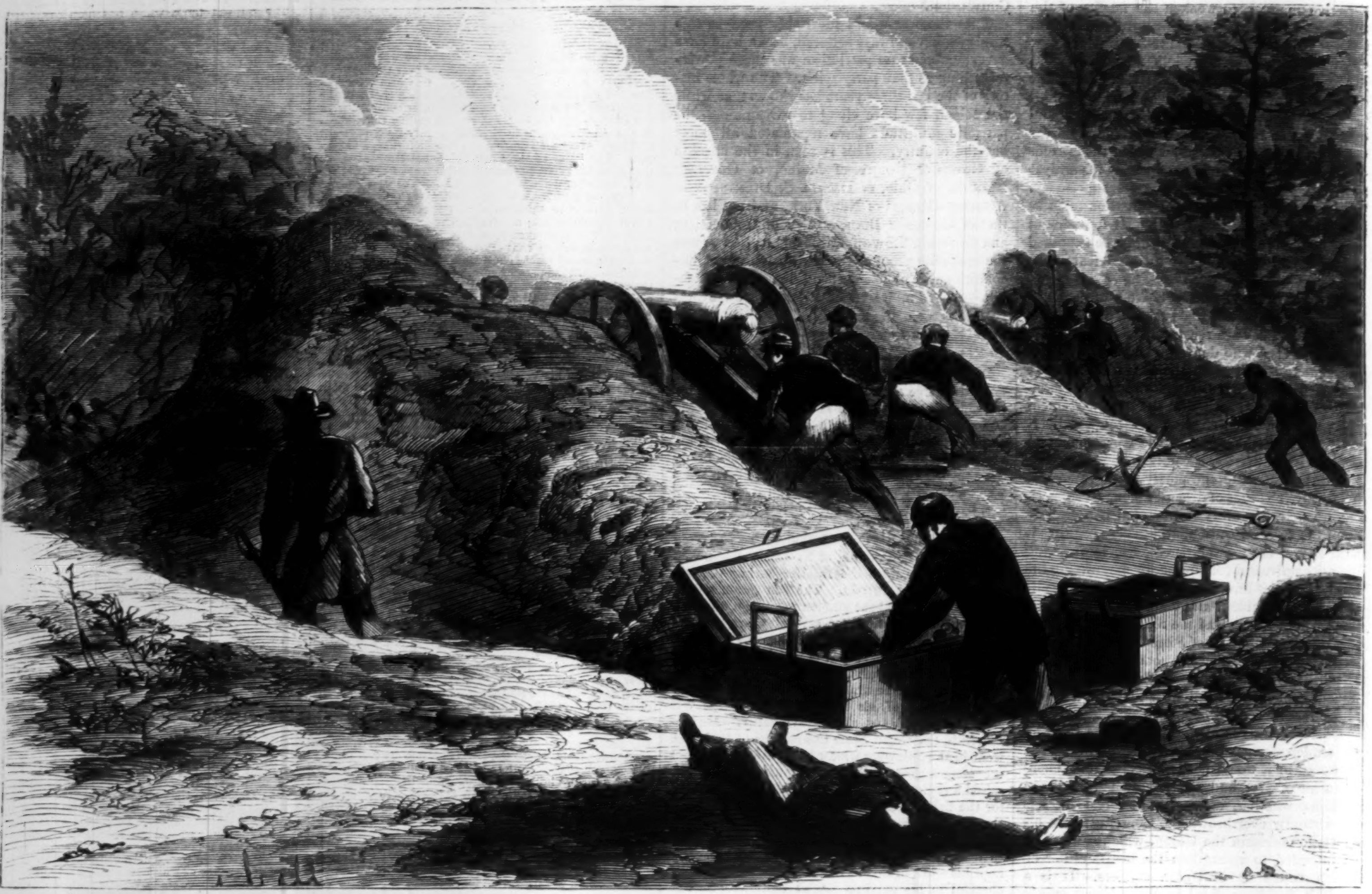
In the British House of Commons on the 1st instant, the Attorney-General declared that the offer to sell the Mersey rams to the Government for $800,000 came from the owners, Messrs. Bravay, and that there was no communication with the Messrs. Laird, the builders, in regard to the sale. On the same day, in a full House, an amendment offered by the Conservative party to reject the bill to abolish the religious test at the Oxford University, was defeated by a majority of ten.

THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.

The London Conference met again on the 2d of June. The armistice, which, according to the original agreement, was to have expired on the 9th of June, has been prolonged fifteen days. The leading Danish papers violently denounce the proposition for a division of Schleswig.

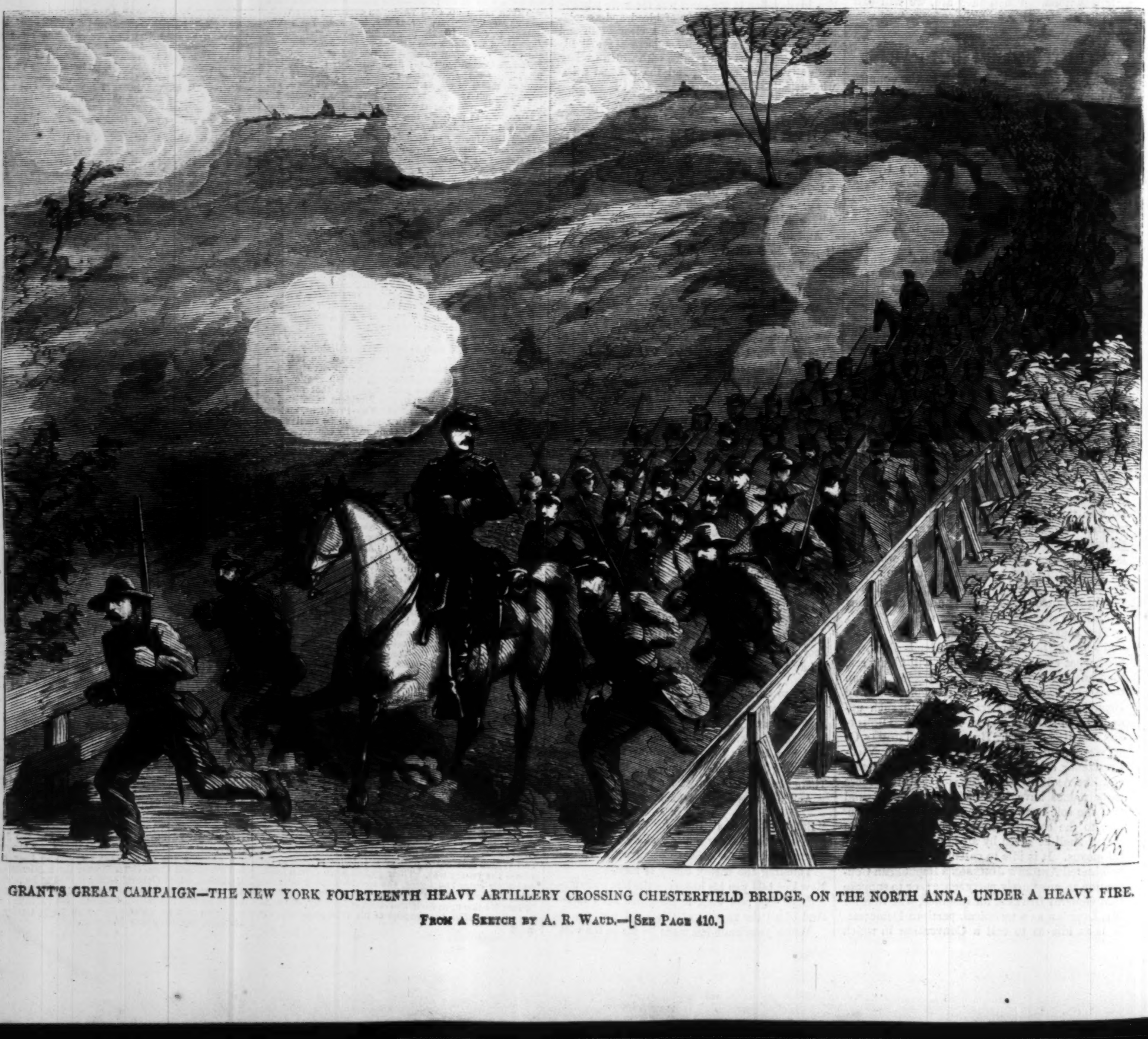
MAXIMILIAN IN MEXICO.

The Emperor Maximilian arrived at Vera Cruz on May 28, having touched at Madeira and Martinique. At the latter place he liberated four Mexicans of the National party. The Municipal Council of Vera Cruz presented to the Emperor the keys of the city. The French claim to have gained three victories over the Mexicans—one at Hochitlan, where General Donai is said to have captured 100 men; one at Valparaiso, near Zacatecas, when, according to French reports, the Mexicans lost 120 killed and 300 captured, and at Matehuela, where Mejia totally routed Doblado, capturing over 1000 men.



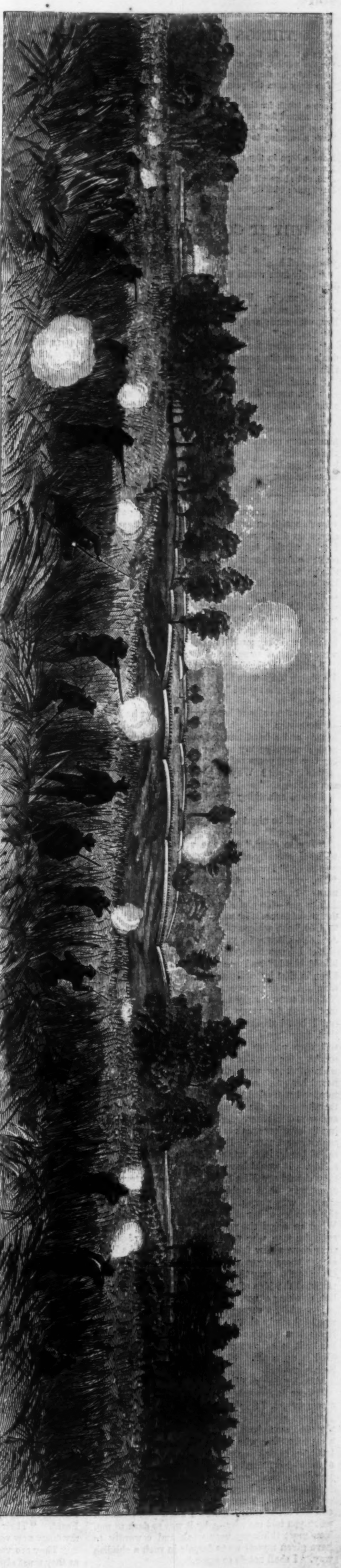
GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—STEVENS'S BATTERY AT COLD HARBOR.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.

[See Page 410.]

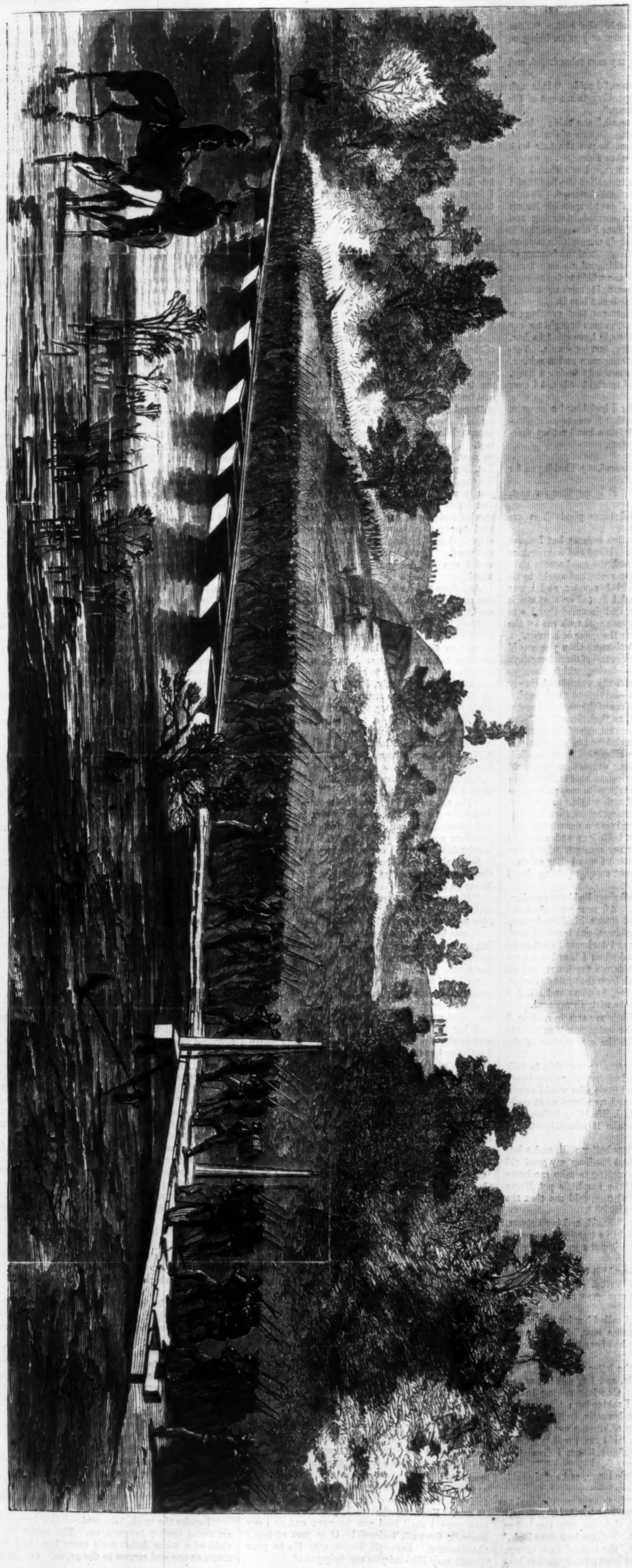


GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—THE NEW YORK FOURTEENTH HEAVY ARTILLERY CROSSING CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE, ON THE NORTH ANNA, UNDER A HEAVY FIRE.

From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 410.]



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—GENERAL BARLOW IN FRONT OF THE REBEL WORKS, TWELVE MILES FROM RICHMOND.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 410.]



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—OUR ARMY CROSSING THE PAMUNKEY RIVER AT HANOVER FERRY, VIRGINIA.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 410.]

THINGS REQUISITE.

HAVE a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged; and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee—
Have a covering to spare, if he naked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.

WHY IT COULD NOT BE.

"BLIND! But is there no hope? He is so young and handsome."

"Ugly men would miss their eyesight as much, I fancy."

"Oh, surely. But I am so sorry for him."

"Well, nurse him back to life again. He will live, with care; and, Rose—"

"Yes, Sir."

"Remember the drops for this new-comer, and don't forget the poor fellow who suffered amputation yesterday, in your admiration for this patient."

"I shall forget no one, Doctor."

"You never do, Rose. I wish I could say the same of all the nurses. Your hands are full to-day."

"Not too full: I can manage."

Then there was no more conversation, and a brisk man's step sounded on the floor, and died away in the distance.

I, Roger Hall, lay very still and listened. Those were the first words I had heard or understood for—how long? I could not tell. The last I remembered was the tumult of a battle-field, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, a shell falling at my very feet with an awful crash and glare, then agony, then darkness and oblivion. Where was I? I tried to rise, but could not. I endeavored to stretch out my hands; the left lay powerless at my side; the right I could lift. It fell upon a hard pillow and rough blankets. I guessed the truth now: I lay upon a hospital bed, sorely wounded.

And it was night—surely night. God was merciful: it could not be that I was blind. Yet this was darkness deeper than any I had ever known before; and the words I had overheard?—no, they were talking of some one else, not of me.

I called aloud. How faint my voice sounded! Its piping tones were like those of some old man.

"Is any one there?"

"Yes."

It was the voice of her whom the other had called Rose—the sweetest, softest, purest voice I ever heard; and a hand touched my fevered brow with such a caress as my mother had been used to give her boy long years before.

"Is it night? Why do you have no light? Tell me, is it night?"

I heard something like a sob, and the voice answered,

"It will be night very soon."

"But now?"

"Try to sleep," said the voice again. "You will feel better by-and-by."

"Sleep!" I wailed, like some querulous infant. "No, you must answer me. What is this darkness? Is it real, or am I blind?"

The girl—for girl she was by her voice—knelt down beside me. She took my hand in hers. "Pray to God," she whispered. "Heaven comfort you! And think it was for your country, for—"

But I burst into one despairing wail—"Blind! blind! blind!" and her voice died away in sobs. Even in that intensest moment of my agony I felt thankful for her sympathy.

But I turned away from her, and lay silent and motionless for many hours, sleeping, they said; but I heard all that passed, though I did not care that they should know it. I heard that woman's soft step passing to and fro—her softer voice soothing the querulous sufferers upon those pallets which I knew were all about me. At times I heard her quiet answers to the surgeons and doctors, and marveled how she kept such accurate remembrance of the thousand directions given her; and soon I fell to wondering who she was, and longing to have her speak to me again. Rose!—it was such a sweet name. But I wondered why they all called her by it, it was so plain to me that she was a lady. It would have seemed more natural that they should say Miss Rose, or Miss—whatever her name was. She could not be married; probably she was very young. What heroism there was in this devotion of her early spring-time to such cares! What an angel she was, to minister thus to poor suffering men who were strangers to her! And then came a new fancy. Perhaps she had a lover among those wounded men, or a brother. Why I clung to the fancy that it must be a brother, and repudiated the idea of a lover, Heaven only knows; but, thinking of her, I forgot my own misery.

By-and-by a surgeon came to look at my arm, wounded sorely above the elbow; and, as I hoped, Rose—it was such a sweet name that I loved to call her by it in my own mind—Rose was to bathe and bind it up again. She did it gently and deftly. Soon she asked,

"Do I pain you?"

"Your fingers are so soft that they would almost cure a wound, I think."

"I am glad," she said. "You do not know how pleased I am to hear such words. If I could not do a little for those who suffer I would grieve myself to death, I think—and at first I used to tremble so at the sight of blood or wounds."

"You tremble sometimes now," I said.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"I felt you. I have been told that the blind hear and feel better than others. I know you trembled when you told me why—why it was so dark to me. You must think me very weak and cowardly to have given myself up to despair in such a childish way. I shall not do so again."

"Who could blame you?" she said. "Your loss is very great. I wonder at you for being so quiet now."

And the task was done, my arm rebandaged, and she was moving away.

"You will come back soon," I said. "It is such a relief to hear some one speaking to me out of the dark. Do not leave me long."

"I must do my duty to all," she said; "but I will come to you when I can, be sure of that."

She stopped one moment to put the hair back from my forehead and give me a draught of water; and then I lay alone for hours. Until then I had hardly felt; now I began to realize the fact that I had been grievously shaken and shattered. To turn myself required an effort almost impossible for me to make. A great organ seemed humming and droning in the distance. Soon I discovered that it was all fancy—that the sounds were within my own head. The terrible consciousness of the beating of my own heart and the working of my own lungs was, I think, the worst of the whole to bear—even when some horrible thing seemed to seize my wounded arm between red-hot teeth and bite it.

I had a bitter disappointment that evening; a coarse-handed, harsh-voiced woman brought me my supper instead of Rose. I could have cried for her, as a child does for its mother, but for shame. Yesterday (as it seemed) a strong man and a soldier, whom no one ever called a coward; to-day a baby, trembling and helpless and fearful! Should I ever be myself again?

Far on in the night—for I had heard a surgeon tell the harsh-voiced nurse that it was two o'clock—I had a glad surprise. I felt a hand on my forehead, and some one whispered,

"Are you asleep?"

"Nor like to be," I answered. "Thank you for coming again, Miss Rose."

"Shall I read to you? It is my time for rest, but I am not sleepy."

"Thank you—and God bless you! You are very kind to me."

I had heard the Bible often before; but I never listened as I listened then. Blind and wounded, as I lay upon that hospital bed, the good words gave me comfort. If the sweet voice had aught to do with it, God gave that girl her voice, and I was right in loving it. At last I floated on that music into the caves of slumber, and dreamed that I was a blind beggar, and that an angel took me by the hand and led me upward to the gates of heaven.

I might write a great deal more than you would be willing to read of those hours—of those long days lengthening into weeks—during which strength slowly returned to me, and my wounds as slowly healed. I heard of battles—of victories and defeats. Now and then the weak voices of the wounded would mingle in a faint hurrah, as "glorious news" was brought to them. At times tidings of the death of some well-known and much-loved officer filled the place with gloom. Some of my companions died, and were taken from among us; others recovered quickly. Often perfect strangers, able to limp about the hospital-tent, came to talk with me, pitying me in their honest hearts, and endeavoring to cheer me by the fact that others were worse off than I. The greatest consolation offered was a description of a poor fellow who had lost both legs and arms. I think he was invented for my comfort. I am sure I hope so. When I admitted I was better off than this man my comrades went away, rejoicing that I was cheered up a bit."

Perhaps because my sufferings had been peculiar, all sympathized with me. All were very good and kind to me; but I valued Rose's kindness beyond all the rest. One word of hers, one touch of hers, made me happy. In my sad darkness I used to lie and listen for her step, and when I heard it a flood of golden radiance swept across my heart, and all was light there. A month from that first day when I lay upon the hospital bed, helpless and blind, I loved my sweet young nurse with all my soul.

I was getting well. With my arm in a sling, I could grope my way in the warm sunshine outside the hospital-tent, or sit in the cool shadow of the trees.

Convalescent soldiers came to my side to talk with me, and surgeons and officers who came to see their men. How I envied those who would return to their posts again! How I wondered what could be done with the long dark life lying before me! One thing alone could make it tolerable—that I must have, or die.

A little longer, and I was better still, and a letter came to me—Rose read it—from my good old grandmother. She was coming to take me home with her, that I "might be her little pet Roger once again," she said; and Rose told me that the letter was blotted with tears.

"So I am to leave you," I said, and her answer, a mere "Yes," was uttered in a trembling voice. I interpreted it to suit myself, and a great joy began to nestle in my heart.

I loved Rose Peyton—could it be that she loved me?—for her name was Peyton. I asked her one day, and she gave me the surname with a reluctance at which I wondered.

Afterward, when I had called her by it, she had said, "I like my first name best," in a strange, shuddering voice; so she had been only Rose to me ever since.

That evening, when the letter was finished, she sat with me a long while, and I talked to her as I had not talked before. One fear aching in my heart peeped out then. I said to her: "Miss Rose, will you tell me one thing honestly, truthfully, with no hesitation on the score of hurting my feelings?"

"Yes," she answered, "if I can I will."

"Am I very much disfigured—am I disgusting to look upon?"

She laughed a quiet little laugh, and simply said, "No."

"I have seen people whose eyes were injured as I suppose mine are, who have been frightful objects," I said. "Their bleared, sightless orbs rise before my fancy now very often. Tell me how mine look."

"They are very clear," she said—"dark brown, as they must always have been; the eyelashes long and dark. Your eyes were not injured externally. I think the doctor spoke of a shock given to the nerves. A stranger would not think you blind."

"Then I do not revolt you? I have sometimes feared I did."

She made no answer. A rustle of her dress, a sense of loneliness; I put out my hand, and she was gone. Soon I heard her voice within the hospital.

Two days I waited, hearing her near me often, but never keeping her long. On the third I felt miserably lonely; on the fourth quite wretched: something seemed to have come between us, and, helpless as I was, I could not go to her and make her listen to me as I would once. On the fifth day I found my way to the tree where it was my wont to sit; and a soldier limping by on crutches, I called to him:

"Ask Miss Rose to come here. I am very faint and ill."

The man hobbled away. In a moment the patter of light, hasty feet, and she was there.

"You are ill?"

"Very."

"Is it your wound? Shall I call Doctor B——?"

"Yes, it is a wound; but you only can help me. Why have you deserted me?"

"You are getting well; others have more need of their nurse."

"No, no one has such necessity. I am blind, you know. Rose, you must spare me a few moments; I want to talk to you." I felt for her hand and found it. She let it lie in mine. From that I gathered hope. "I must tell you something about myself," I said. "I am a wealthy man. Were I poor, helpless as I am, I could never tell you the rest. I never felt thankful for wealth before. I do now. It gives me the power to speak to you. Yet, Rose, though I am not a beggar, I am blind. No one knows better than I what a sacrifice I ask you to make when I say, Will you be my wife? But I love you so. In my selfishness and need I speak; and if you can return a blind man's love, God knows no wife will be so treasured, so worshiped, in all the land. Rose, speak to me—only one word. You tremble so; your hand is so cold; and I can not see your face. Will you be my wife?"

And there came a sob, a gasp, and the words, "It can not be—it can not be," in a sort of smothered wail.

Then I knew how I had deceived myself, how I had hoped for a different answer. Even now it seemed as though she loved me. There was no aversion in her voice, no cold denial, only a sort of despair. I drew closer to her.

"I love you so dearly, Rose," I said, "I can not let you go without one struggle. If you knew how I feel for you, how in my darkened life you are the only light, you would be merciful. Do you hate me, Rose? Am I so unsightly a thing that you shrink from me with loathing? Tell me so and I will say no more, though it is hard to bear. Is it because I am blind that it can not be?"

I heard the girl beside me sob. Faintly her voice fell on my ear,

"No, no, no; it is that which makes it so hard. You force the truth from me: to tend you, to lead you through the world, is all my heart asks. As you love me, I love you. But God has placed a barrier between us: I can never be your wife."

Suddenly, before she could know of my intention, I had caught her to my heart. I pressed kisses on her lips.

"If you love me there can be no barrier between us," I almost sobbed. "If, blind as I am, you still give me your heart, nothing shall part us."

It was but an instant; the next she was standing by herself, sobbing wildly. Something in the swift repulse of my embrace made me fear to touch her again.

"Oh! if you could see me," she moaned. "If you could see me you would never utter those words again. Your wife! Oh! Roger Hall, it can never be. God says nay to it."

What could she mean? What strange import was in those words? I drew closer. Very softly I took her hand. Great drops of agony bedewed it. It trembled like an aspen-leaf.

"Rose," I said, "my own dear Rose; I know not what to think. If there is scar or blemish or deformity upon you, it is not to a blind man. You are beautiful to me; and were my eyes opened, and looking on you I should see some woeful wreck of woman's beauty, I should only love you more—on my soul I should! Little one, is that it?"

"My face is as God made it at first," she said. "It is not as you think. Were it so I would trust you. Oh, Roger Hall, don't ask me why, but go. Do you think I could speak thus were there any hope, any—" She stopped suddenly, and burst into a wild flow of tears. "It is the hand of the Almighty," she said. "How should I know you did not guess at first, and I could not tell you afterward for shame."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Rose Peyton, the obstacle is imaginary. You love me; I adore you; no man calls you his own. You *shall* be my wife—you *shall*; I will know this fancy, and it shall vanish. Rose, *nothing* could make me love you less. I say *nothing*; I swear it before God."

"You know not what you say, and He will forgive you," she answered, solemnly. Then, with a sudden change in her voice, she came close to me of her own accord. She put one hand on my shoulder, her soft hair brushed my cheek.

"Roger Hall," she said, "I am suffering mortal agony. Should you force the truth from me just now I should die. You may learn it. I wonder you have not already from other lips. I can not speak it. A barrier built by the Almighty separates us forever on earth—a barrier of shame and degradation. I want you to think of me always as you do now. Knowing the truth, you would not. I love you; I shall love you forever; and so I say farewell, farewell, farewell! It is part of God's chastisement. Farewell, Roger, may He be your friend; may He lead you and help you!"

Her arms closed about my neck. She kissed my brow, my darkened eyes, my wet cheeks over and over again; and then our lips met, and then I stood alone, grasping the empty air and sobbing—"Rose, Rose, best beloved of my soul, no shame, no disgrace, no blot upon thy life or name could be a barrier between thy heart and mine."

I did not meet her again. The days passed, and I was taken home. No one wondered that I was sad and restless; my misfortune was all-sufficient to account for that, and I brooded at leisure over Rose's secret and my own.

She loved me, yet she had pronounced my doom.

A helpless thing enough, I lay upon my sofa or sat in my chair thinking of her and pining for her. My wounded arm gained no strength. Darkness was still around me. I had no hope of light. And thus months glided on, and Christmas time came, and my cousins and aunts and uncles were coming to my old grandmother's, and there came loving messages for Roger, and in my blindness a wealth of tenderness was poured upon me, and valued far less than it deserved to be. A word from Rose, a message, something she had worn that I could lay against my heart, would have outweighed all the rest.

On Christmas-eve I prayed for death. God gave a strange answer to my prayer. When I awoke in the morning sight had returned to me. I could see dimly, hazily, as through the thickest mist, yet it was sight.

How I thanked Him then! I was a man once more. I could seek Rose, I could look upon her. I could fathom her secret, put my foot upon it, and take her to my heart—my wife. I swore to do so. No blemish of face or form or fame should keep her from my arms. To me she was beautiful and pure forever.

There was a jubilee at our homestead that day.

Roger was blind no longer. That weak and withered arm, over which tears would have been shed once, was forgotten. I forgot it myself. I laughed, I sung, I danced; every hour brought the light of life more brightly back. Doctors could not explain the miracle, though they spoke sapiently of the "optical nerves." My old grandmother called it "God's doing," and was the wisest of them all. I waited at home three days; then I bade them good-by for a while, and went to find Rose.

It was a cold day when I reached the camp about the great hospital tent, miles from where it had been when I lay there. Those who had known me hailed me with congratulations. An old surgeon started as though he had seen a ghost. It was the one who had spoken to Rose of my blindness.

To him I talked. Of him I learned who were within the hospital—who lived, and who had died. Then I asked, tremblingly, for Miss Peyton.

"Miss Peyton?" The doctor paused a moment, and then burst into a laugh. "You mean Rose," he said; "hard at work as ever. 'Miss Peyton!' Ha! ha!"

Why did he laugh? I did not know—I could not guess.

I went into the hospital tent, and walking among the beds spoke to those I knew, but all the while looked for Rose, and saw no one like her. The harsh-voiced woman was there, and a quadroon girl bending over a dying drummer boy; another stout old lady with a pair of creaking boots. I turned away sadly. Where was Rose? I would wait for her—surely she would come soon.

I sat down near the drummer boy's pallet, and watched him sadly. He was dying fast. The quadroon girl wiped the death-damps from his brow, and I thought—"Rose should be here; her voice would soothe his pain, her presence comfort him!" Then I looked at the dark face bent over the pillow. It was very kind and good; beautiful, too, with the beauty of that wronged and degraded race.

Perhaps Rose was not pretty! Her face might be scarred, her eyes dim! No matter; to me it would be beautiful! Why did she not come?

The quadroon girl had not once looked at me. Her liquid black eyes, full of tears, rested on the agonized face of the dying drummer. Suddenly a convulsion seized the boy. The slender arms were too weak for their task. I could use but one, but I was strong again. I went to the side of the rude cot:

"Let me help you," I said. "This is too much for you." And the dark eyes turned upon me suddenly, with a strange, frightened gleam. They dropped in an instant, and I forgot them; for in that moment we stood in the presence of death.

"He is gone!" I said. But the quadroon girl made no answer. I fancied the scene had turned her faint, for she leaned against a rude table within the tent, trembling in every limb, and looking at me.

Some water stood near. I filled a cup and handed it to her; she touched it with her lips, but did not speak. In a moment she sat down and bent her head upon her hands, and covered it with her kerchief.

I began to watch again for Rose. Soon I grew impatient. I turned to the quadroon girl. "Can you tell me where to find Miss Rose Peyton?" I asked.

When I spoke to her the girl arose. She pointed to the open ground beyond the tent, and beckoned me to follow her. I began to fancy she was dumb.

She went before; I kept close behind her, and it seemed strange to me that she should lead me past the tents, down to the spot where a bench stood beneath an old sycamore-tree. There she paused. Where was Rose? We two, the quadroon girl and I, were the only living things in sight.

Slowly a great horror was stealing over me. I dared not speak. The girl broke the silence:

"You have come to see Rose Peyton: look."

Oh, merciful Heavens! All of mortal agony man could bear and live fell on me in that moment. It was my love's own voice that uttered those words, the voice that had haunted me so long. The quadroon girl was Rose Peyton.

"I spoke the truth," she said. "God has placed an awful barrier between us. The petted slave-child of a white father must carry her black mother's shame and sorrow to the grave. Oh, Roger

Hall, why did you come here to look upon me? Do you wonder now I could not tell you the truth, having a woman's heart within me, feeling as white women feel; for they did me the great wrong of separating me from my kind, and teaching me, until of their kindness grew an awful curse—the soul of a white woman beneath this black-stained skin. There is no need to bid you forget me now; no need, thank Heaven! no need!"

How beautiful she was! Yet her beauty—the sad beauty of her race—lay between us like a curse. I heard her voice, loved so deeply and so long. I knew that within that breast a gentle woman's heart beat for me alone. But she was right.

Had I heard Rose Peyton's voice, and, turning, looked upon a woman deformed and scarred, but *white*, I should have opened my arms and cried, "Hide here; your soul is beautiful, and I love you." But I gazed on that exquisite quadroon, and her liquid eyes and glorious ebon hair. Her features, moulded after those of her proud planter father, were veiled by the dusk skin of her mother's race. The Rose I loved was not there for me; she lived no more. I grew faint as in the death agony. There was no scorn of her. I think I loved her still, for I love her now; but God had said it could not be.

Down upon the frosty earth, under the leafless sycamore, I knelt before her. I took her hand in mine, and kissed it.

"God bless you, Rose," I said. "I shall never marry any woman while I live."

She said nothing.

Then I arose and turned away. At the brow of the hill I looked back, and saw the wintry sky, the dead sycamore, and the quadroon girl standing under it like a statue.

So I see her in my dreams. So I shall always see her until I die.

And I would give my sight again, and live blind forever; I would give my other arm; I would give wealth, and strength, and all that men value, only not to know the secret Rose strove to hide from me—only not to know that the only woman I ever loved was a quadroon.

OUT OF DIXIE.

I am a parson, and my work-shop is a green study. Sitting there yesterday, who should enter but my friend Wells, formerly of Savannah, but for many years of Independence, Alabama! As my last letter from him, full of Union sentiments, was dated more than two years since, and as he was then at Nashville buying supplies, about returning homeward with the purpose never to fight for the rebellion, I had months ago given him up as dead. As he presented himself to my eyes paler, thinner, more anxious and care-worn in every feature than ever before, and withal came so suddenly, I was half tempted to entertain the notion that his ghost was the apparition before me.

I was reading in Sir Thomas Browne the following:

> "Hermolaus Barbarus was scarce in his wits, when, upon conference with a spirit, he would demand no other question than the explication of Aristotle's Entelecheia. Appion, the Grammarian, that would raise the Ghost of Homer to decide the Controversie of his Country, made a frivolous and pedantick use of Necromancy. Philostratus did as little, that call'd up the Ghost of Achilles for a particular of the Story of the Trojan Warre."

Trojan war be hanged! I'd give more to know about the war in Dixie; and if this *is* a ghost, it shall tell me what they are doing just now in Alabama.

It was no ghost, but Wells in the body, though prematurely gray; and, our salutations over, I assailed him with questions. "When did you get here? Did you ride or walk? Was you taken for a spy and shot? How much of an army have you rebels? Are there many of you Union men? Any cotton? What do you eat? Any white men left at home? How did you get away? Where—"

"Now," said Wells, "stop your cross-fire of questions, and remain quiet; I'll tell you all, otherwise—"

I subsided.

"I've had a hard time of it. When the storm broke, I determined never to lift a hand against the old Union."

"But how did you act when every one was enlisting or aiding enlistments?"

"I told my neighbors that I owed a duty first to my God, next to my family, and third to my country, if a divided and separate portion of it at war with the rest could be so styled. They did not call this very good patriotism; but being widely known, and having numerous personal friends, I was not much disturbed.

"It is true, on one occasion I heard the rumor that certain individuals at Kingston, our county town, were 'going to hang Wells.' Thinking it wise to bring the matter to an issue at once, I rode over, and driving up to the store of a friend, said to him, in a pretty loud tone of voice, 'Mr. Gilchrist, I hear they talk of hanging me here in Kingston. I have come to see the gallows.'

"'Oh,' replied Mr. G., 'I guess they won't hang *you*.'

"I took pains to be seen generally through the town, and to drop into the principal shops, and heard no more of the hanging.

"As the war went on, I watched the progress of events with deep solicitude, and, resolving to leave the South when I could no longer avoid entering the army, formed my plans.

"'How came *you* to volunteer?' said I, one day, to a smart Irishman formerly overseer to a neighbor. 'Sure, Sir, they compilled me,' was his characteristic reply. I was not to be thus compelled, and so continued on in my usual duties until the present spring, when men over forty-five became liable to be enrolled as conscripts. In fact, had I remained five days longer, I should have been wearing a butternut uniform and a buckle with the ominous inscription, C. S. A.

"It was time to go. My wife preferred to take her chance with friends in Mobile, and to have me outside the lines. A family consultation as to other matters resulted in my finding myself the following morning in Montgomery *en route* for Richmond. I had an excuse for journeying thus far, and relied upon the good offices of an acquaintance in the Navy Department for my subsequent progress.

"For the Montgomery of to-day imagine all the stores not closed entirely employed as cotton warehouses, streets filled with a motley crowd of paupers and wounded soldiers, and houses and hotels neglected and filthy.

"I was dressed in home-made jeans, woven by my negroes, and sewed by my wife, who, fearing I might be reduced to 'short ratios,' as a soldier I met at Atlanta called them, furnished me with a basket full of cooked provisions. It was hard to get a seat in the cars of the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, which, connecting with the Lagrange Railroad, brought me to Atlanta. I was provided with money as follows:

"$1500 in	Confederate notes …	$1500	Confederate value.
100 "	Greenbacks………	900	"
40 "	Gold……………	1400	"
		$3800	"

"I left Augusta at daylight in the morning. At the South Carolina Dépôt I was told by the omnibus driver that I was fortunate to get off on that train, as no more trains would leave for some days except those engaged exclusively in transporting troops and army provisions. This last word makes me heave a sigh over the fate of mine. I had faithfully stuck to my basket till I reached Augusta; but leaving it a moment there, I found a third of its contents missing, and getting no seat in the cars, and having no room before, behind, or on either side to deposit it, I shared its remaining freight with the hungry soldiers around me. At Kingsville, South Carolina, I had to take the train by way of Columbia and Raleigh, as none but freight trains run on the Wilmington road. Here there was such a rush for the cars as made it difficult to obtain a place. All the seats were quickly filled, then the intervening spaces, then the platforms, and finally about a hundred climbed upon the tops of the cars.

"And such cars! Covered with filth I will not describe and would fain forget, broken, shaky, a poor protection against wind and rain; with, however, one rather better on each train, reserved strictly for ladies, and as crowded as the others.

"The rolling stock of Southern railroads is just now pretty rotten stock, and from Montgomery to Richmond I did not travel faster than seven miles an hour, usually not over five. At Charlotte, North Carolina, we missed a connection, and found what we could in the town to feed a hungry man at only thirteen dollars a meal. At Raleigh we missed our connection again, the train leaving for the North too soon for passengers to get across the town to the dépôt. We were thus obliged to remain over for twenty-four hours. Having money, I obtained for forty dollars a poor room to sleep in and some provender as poor, to keep soul and body together, and went to the North dépôt an hour and a half before the time to secure a seat.

"It was well that I was thus early, for here the rush was even greater than at any former point. It was a raw, stormy morning, yet a large group of passengers were waiting in the cold. Some of them, short of funds, had passed the night there. A large body of Lee's soldiers, returning from furlough, having, like the rest, missed the connection, had taken up their quarters in the street opposite, and had eaten what they had brought from home in haversacks or bundles, or had fasted. One asked me if I knew where he could get something to eat, as he had not had a mouthful of food in two days. Some few went to the hotels, where they paid ten dollars per meal and ten for lodging. One said in my hearing: 'Why, this is right honest, I vow. Here's a Confederate soldier gets but eleven dollars a month, and I'll be staggered if I heven't done gone three months' pay and a confounded dollar over for lodging, supper, breakfast, and a dram!' He was right, for his bill had been forty-five dollars.

"At last, when the train was ready, the conductor's orders were to let no one go on it who was not in some way connected with the army. We found, however, that he so constructed his orders as to carry, packed in and stowed away on the roof, as many as he had room for after he had first accommodated all for whom the officer in charge demanded transportation. Unable thus to obtain a seat, and braced up uncomfortably between two *very* dirty soldiers, I did not anticipate a pleasant ride, but was unexpectedly diverted all along the route by the activity of the troops displayed in living upon the enemy. North Carolina loyalty has passed into much such a proverb South as Kentucky loyalty has here, and our soldier companions acted as if every thing snatched from those walking or standing near the stations at which we stopped was so much service to the common cause. Baskets of provision, bacon, vegetables, waiting to be sent as freight, kegs, half-barrels, and other incongruous articles would be 'snatched' and disappear. But the most successful and amusing grab-game was played on hats. A hat is a great luxury just now in Dixie, poor felt hats bringing $100 to $140. Not more than one soldier in five on the cars had one when we started; but many obtained them from individuals not up to the trick, who, all unconscious of their danger, would walk along the platform. Many keen eyes would be on the alert, and many hands all ready to be extended, when, as quick as thought, a head is bare, and in vain does the injured man demand redress. There was, however, one instance where a captured hat was returned. Near Petersburg a tall negro marched up and down the platform of a little station, displaying one quite new and very conspicuous. Instantly eyes and hands were ready, and Sambo's wool was his only head-covering. I called to mind Sir Walter's old woman, who, describing a great battle in which some one lost his *head*, remarked, 'Weel, in sic a great engagement a head was, to be sure, a sma' matter, but 'twas *a sair loss to him, poor mon!*' If it had been a *head* instead of a *hat* Sambo could not have pleaded more earnestly. 'Oh, gemmen, I'se do ony thin' for my hat. Now, Mass', *pleese* gib my hat. I'se can sing, can dance—I'se play de fiddle—I'se do ony thin' for dat hat. *Pleese*, Mass', gib a poo' nigga dat hat.'

"His eloquence was genuine if tried by the standard of success, and a 'Convention' resulted in Sambo's singing and then dancing, after which he was crowned, and never did Olympian victor more proudly wear his wreath of olive than did happy Sambo that hat.

"I must hasten through Petersburg and on to Richmond. Here I was anxious to remain concealed, and was harbored by a Polish Jew, who entertains spies, sutlers, smugglers, blockade-runners, Union refugees, etc. The most painful part of my subsequent wanderings was the necessity of dwelling with those who, like this host of mine, said any thing and swore to any thing. Had I paid him enough he would have sworn that I was a German, a Hottentot, or an iceberg. Once out of Richmond, I became a fugitive and a vagabond. Finding railroad transportation for a few miles, I then, with my bundle and staff, without fire-arms, my remaining money carefully secreted, proceeded on my lonely way. I passed thoughtfully over the heights south of Fredericksburg, where was fought its bloody battle; and going down into the city, lodged with a man, now keeping a little tavern, whose stately mansion once was the ornament of Middlesex County, Virginia.

"Once across the Rappahannock I was in a sheer wilderness. Up to Aquia Creek the country is, so to speak, *all* roads. No fences, no woods, all having been burned by the opposing armies that have swept the whole land clean. I wandered on, falling in with numerous robbers, who make a business of robbing deserters from the Army of the Potomac, whom they then turn adrift to cross over to Maryland upon such rafts as they can construct.

"One of these robbers I thus encountered. I had entered a narrow gorge when I heard footsteps. On turning, a stout fellow, armed to the teeth, called out: 'Who are you, and what right have you to be loitering here?' I saw I must be as saucy as he, and replied: 'Who are *you*, and what business have you to stop a man with a Government pass?' The robber, evidently supposing me to be a Confederate spy or official, sneaked away.

"To show the peculiar relation of this region to both armies I recall another incident. The old railroad crosses a small creek before it strikes Aquia Creek. I was walking on the track at this point and found the bridge had been burned. Looking up the stream, at a short distance I discovered a man and woman fording it on horseback. Hastening down the high embankment I went to the ford and hailed the man, offering him a good sum to come back for me with the horse. To my repeated calls he made no reply, and, though he was met by quite a group on the other side, no one seemed to see me. After hailing them again and again I walked into the stream, which reached to my waist, and soon gained the other shore. On asking the man why he had so entirely disregarded me, he replied, 'How did I know what yer wos? Yer mought be a Union spy, and then if a Confederate scout seed me he'd shoot me; and yer mought be one of our spies, and then if a Union scout seed me *he'd* a shot me. I'm hum on furlur to raise bread for this ere fam'ly, and not to carry folks over the crick.' This was good logic which I could not gainsay. Soon after leaving this logician I became aware that two troopers far in the rear were on my track, and anon, coming over a rising ground, I came face to face with a third. Dismounting, he said, 'You are my prisoner.' 'So I see,' replied I, with an assumed smile; adding, 'I'm glad I met you, for I want to rest a little.' Soon the others came up. They were rebel scouts, who examined my 'pass' and directed me to a hut beyond Aquia Creek, where they said I would find a man to ferry me across the Potomac. A fisherman for two dollars carried me over the creek, and I soon found the hut described by the scouts. But on appealing to the owner he utterly denied all knowledge of any such means of exit from Dixie. After a long parley, however, he referred me to his brother, who, on being found, declared with a volley of oaths that he had no boat, never crossed the Potomac in his life, wished all awful things to happen to him here and hereafter if he ever heard of any one's crossing at this point, etc.

"The truthfulness of these solemn declarations came out when, after my giving him money, he told me that the day before a deserting United States major paid him seventy-five dollars for ferrying him over; while, after waiting four days for a fair opportunity—that is, a spell of foul weather, or a foggy night—my veracious friend produced a skiff, and for a five-dollar greenback pushed me across.

"Then, in pitchy darkness, I obeyed a whispered order from my pilot, and stepped over the bow to find myself on a sand bar on the Maryland side. As I felt my way to shore, a bluff, at least twenty feet high, met me, and after vain efforts to obtain a more favorable spot whence to reach the main land, I climbed and scrambled up the rocky cliff. Making for a distant light, and approaching a house, three dogs bounced out and began barking furiously. Then came lights. The voices of women were heard; soon a gruffer voice called, 'Who's there?' I told my condition. The owner, a wealthy old bachelor, called off his dogs, listened to my story, said he dared not take me in, Union troops being near, as I might be a spy. I might sleep in the cow-house. Thither I went and slept sweetly that stormy Saturday night on an untanned hide.

"Another five-dollar greenback secured my passage in a fishing-smack to Alexandria.

"How I marched up to the Provost-Marshal's office and told my adventures, how I wept at the sight of the glorious old Stars and Stripes, how I obtained a pass, hurried over to Washington, came near being kicked out of a hotel, hastened to the nearest clothing store, dressed, and was a man again, you must imagine, for I have no more to tell. Ah, as I slept under the first *blankets* I had seen for two years, how I pitied the poor negroes with their wretched coverlets!"

To my friend's story I will only add that I begged from him, and now possess, those home-made jeans, so worn, soiled, and travel-stained; and mean to put them to a good use.

Shall I exhibit them for the benefit of the Christian Commission?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding-dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man *toasted* his own cheese."

The late Lord Kelly had a very red face. "Pray, my lord," said Foote to him, "come and *look over* my garden-wall—my cucumbers are very backward."

The advice given by an Irishman to his English friend, on introducing him to a regular Tipperary row, was, "Wherever you see a head *hit it*."

New Way to pay old Debts.—A prisoner in The Fleet sent to his creditor to let him know that he had a proposal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly, the creditor calling on him to hear it: "I have been thinking," said he, "that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here, and put you to the expense of seven groats a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness, and who knows what it may cost you in the end! Therefore, what I propose is this: You shall let me out of prison, and, instead of seven groats, you shall allow me only *eighteenpence* a week, and the other *tenpence* shall go toward the discharging of the debt."

A very small officer struck an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions. The grenadier gravely took off his cap, and, holding it over the officer by the tip, said, "Sir, if you were not my officer, I would *extinguish* you."

John was thought to be very stupid. He was sent to a mill one day, and the miller said, "John, some people say you are a fool! Now, tell me what you do know, and what you don't know." "Well," replied John, "I know millers' hogs are fat!" "Yes, that's well, John! Now, what don't you know?" "I don't know *whose corn* fats 'em."

E——, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was trying to render it smaller by contracting her lips. "Do not trouble yourself so much, madam," exclaimed the painter, "if you please, I will draw your face *without any mouth* at all."

It was said of one that remembered every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrowed, "that he had *lost half* of his memory."

A medical student under examination, being asked the different effects of heat and cold, replied: "Heat expands and cold contracts." "Quite right; can you give me an example?" "Yes, Sir, in summer, which is *hot*, the days are longer; but in winter, which is *cold*, the days are *shorter*."

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

Scotch Simplicity.—At Hawick, the people used to wear wooden clogs, which made a *clanking* noise on the pavement. A dying old woman had some friends by her bedside, who said to her, "Weel, Jenny, ye are gaun to Heeven, an' gin you should see our folk ye can tell them that we're a' weel." To which Jenny replied, "Weel, gin I shud see them I'se tell them, but you manna expect that I am to gang clank clanking through Heeven looking for your folk."

"My notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

A brow-beating counsel asked a witness how far he had been from a certain place. "Just four yards, two feet, and six inches," was the reply. "How came you to be so exact, my friend?" "Because I expected *some fool* or other would ask me, and so I measured it."

"What is light?" asked a schoolmaster of the booby of a class. "A sovereign that isn't full weight is light," was the prompt reply.

A Joint Concern.—A stupid fellow employed in blowing a cathedral organ, said, after the performance of a fine anthem, "I think we performed very well to-day." "*We* performed!" answered the organist; "I think it was *I* performed, or I have much mistaken." Shortly after another celebrated piece of music was to be played. In the middle of the anthem the organ stopped; the organist cried out in a passion, "Why don't you blow?" The fellow popped out his head from behind the organ and said, "Shall it be *we* then?"

An editor at a dinner-table being asked if he would take some pudding replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter we are unable to find room for it."

When Chinese sailors are short of food they salt their junk and eat it.

Why is servility like a man who is tired of works of imagination?—Because it's sycophancy (sick o' fancy).

A lady once asked a gentleman what wit was like. To which he replied, "Like your ladyship's bottle of *sal-volatile*—poignant at the first opening, but, on being too much handed about, loses all its flavor and becomes insipid."

"You don't understand your business, Boniface. Did you never have a gentleman stop with you before?" "No, not if you are one."

Editors ought to be able to live very cheap—they get *bored* for nothing.

An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in all sincerity and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

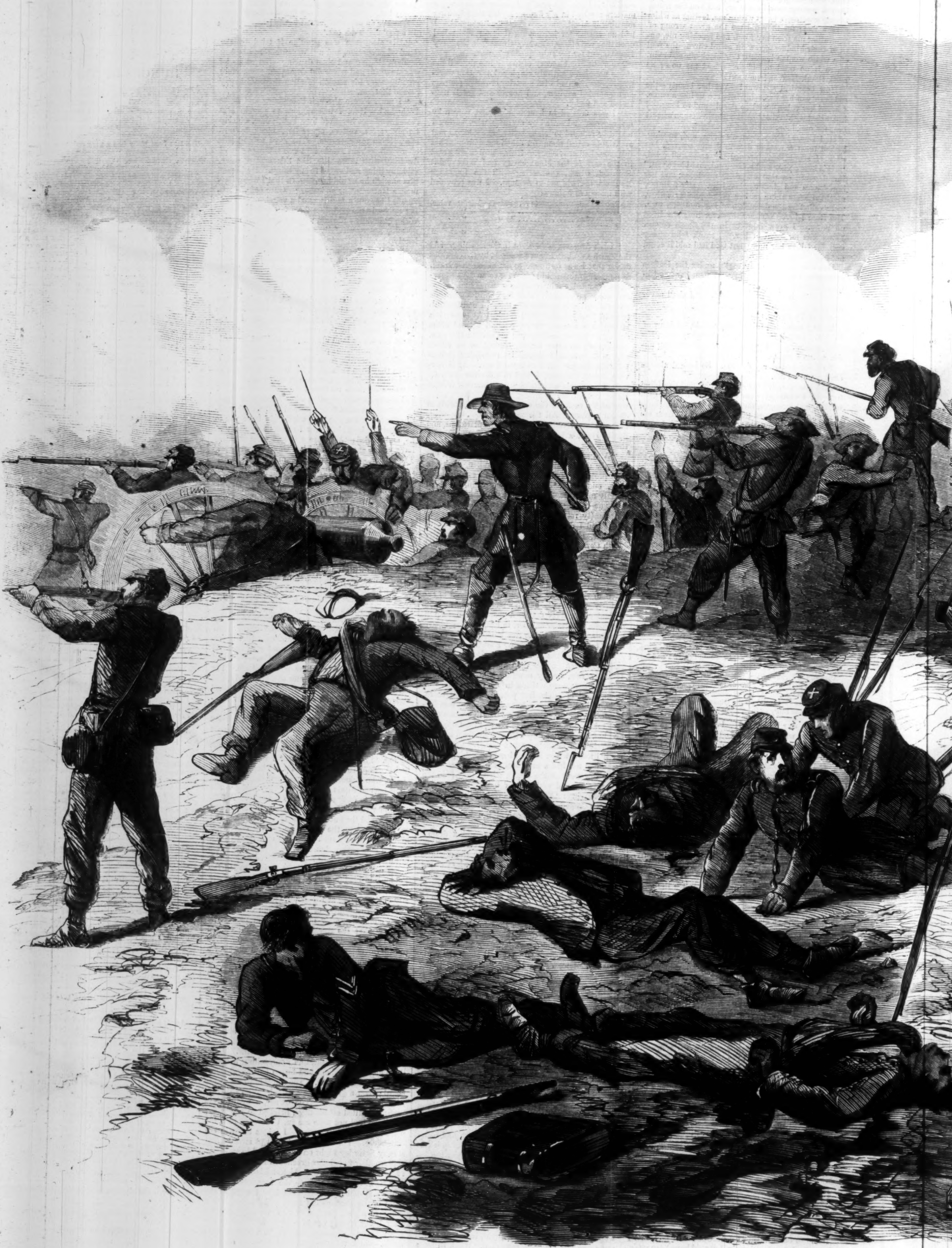
"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter, "I still remember that I'm a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a by-stander, "and a vulgar one at that."

In a large company at dinner, Bruce, the African explorer, whose extraordinary statements were at the first thought to be of the Munchausen class, was relating the most wonderful of his adventures, when some one asked him what musical instruments were used in Abyssinia? Bruce hesitated for a moment, and then said, "I think I saw one lyre there." George Selwyn whispered to his next neighbor, "Yes, and there is one less since he left the country."

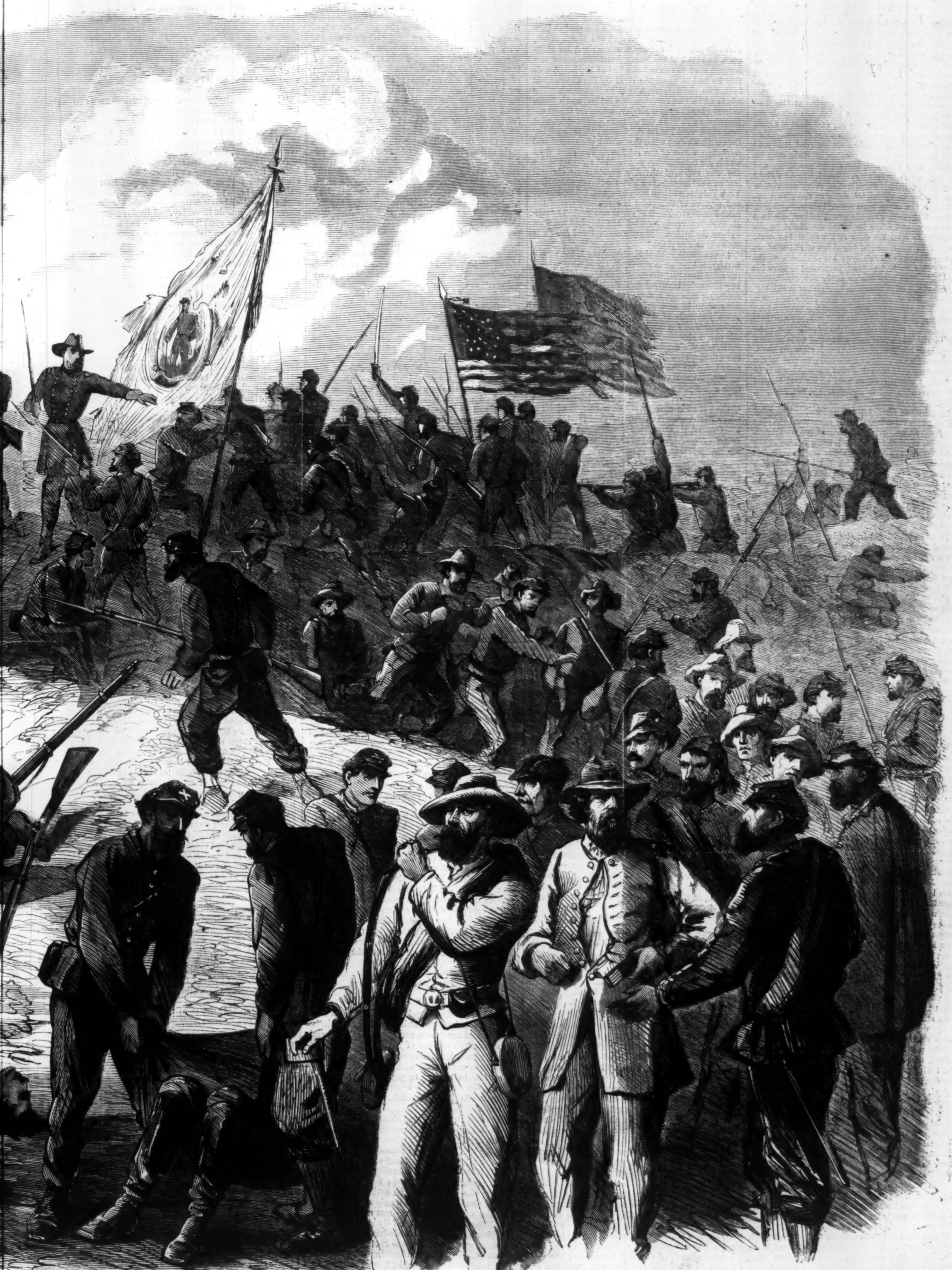
When a lady returns the presents she has received from her lover, is she supposed to include a return of his affections?

"I once saw a regiment of negroes on parade," said a traveler, "and when they came to the 'right dress,' with the whites of their eyes all turned, it looked just like a chalk mark."

"The Schoolmaster Abroad."—We should like to hear the sentiments of the schoolmaster's wife on the subject of her husband being so often abroad.



GENERAL GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—GENERAL BARLOW CHARGING THE ENEMY



NEMY AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1, 1864.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 410.]

BURNING OF THE STEAMER "BERKSHIRE."

The new and handsome steamer *Berkshire*, of the New York and Hudson line, took fire on her passage down the river on Wednesday night, 8th instant, when a short distance above Poughkeepsie, and was almost totally destroyed. She had on board nearly 150 passengers, some live-stock, and a large quantity of freight. As soon as it was ascertained that she was on fire, the pilot immediately headed her for shore, the engine at the time working at full speed; but before she struck the mud all the wood-work was one vast sheet of flame. The scene that followed beggars description. Men frantic with fear; children crying (and it is said that there were quite a number of little ones on board); men shouting, the flames crackling, and the passengers jumping overboard, formed a sight terrible to behold. Furniture of every description was floating in the water, some of the pieces upholding a few of the unfortunate beings.

One little boy, with his grandmother, was in a state-room, and when he heard the alarm he endeavored to open the door of his room, but could not. He then managed to get out of the window, and tried to save his relative; but so close were the flames that he had to jump overboard to save his own life. The lady was probably suffocated.

One of the most heart-rending scenes in this terrible disaster was the case of Mrs. Hanford. On ascertaining her danger she seized her babe and her daughter, and jumped overboard, leaving her little son standing on the stern of the vessel. After she got in the water she was compelled to relinquish her hold on her little ones, and they both went down. A man with his child in his arms, who was in the water close by her, seeing that the mother was in the act of sinking, seized hold of her and buoyed her up; but, alas! in doing so he lost his own child.

In all some forty persons perished. The pilot and engineer remained at their posts until the boat struck the shore. Nineteen bodies have been recovered from the wreck. There is not a vestige of the wood-work of the *Berkshire* above water-mark that has not been destroyed, with the exception of a portion of the starboard wheel-house. Both smoke-stacks have fallen. The walking-beam and other portions of the machinery are still standing. The after-part of the boat, from the paddles to the stern, is entirely submerged. Twenty bodies are supposed to be there.

The fire originated in the lamp-room, and was caused by the explosion of a lamp. The violence of the fire was caused by the large quantity of hay on board becoming ignited as soon as the fire burst from the lamp-room, and which might have just as well been so much alcohol as regards combustion.

The *Berkshire* was a first-class steamer, and was built at Athens last season. She made one or two trips to New York last fall to test her machinery; but she was not permanently placed on the river until this spring. Her engine was taken out of the hull of the *South America*, but it was enlarged and made more powerful.

Our sketch on the first page gives a vivid view of the steamer at the time of the calamity.

GENERAL GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN.

We continue this week our sketches illustrative of scenes and events in General Grant's great campaign in Virginia.

On page 412 we give a view of the position near Cold Harbor, June 2. Our artist, A. R. Waud, furnishes the following explanation of this sketch:

"At this point the Second and Sixth Corps join. One of Gibbons's brigades (M'Kean's, Second Division, Second Corps) appears on the left of the picture, massed under a crest. In this brigade are the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, etc. To the right of the house is the old Jersey brigade of the Sixth Corps. Their term of service expires June 3, and they leave the army with an unsurpassed reputation. The lines these troops hold have been taken from the enemy, and are not more than a hundred yards from the rebel front. The smoke on the extreme left marks the position of a section of Stevens's battery, while Mott's battery occupies the fore-ground. These and other batteries at this point soon silenced the enemy's artillery, while musket-balls in reckless profusion swept the rifle-pits, among which the dead and wounded lay thickly."

The last Fight of the Pennsylvania Reserves is illustrated on page 412. The Reserves were attacked by Early's corps, which came out of the woods, covered by artillery, and in line of battle swept down upon Crawford's command. At first some of the regiments gave way, but were rallied, and the brigade seen in the fore-ground stood with conspicuous gallantry under their commander, Colonel Fisher. The rebels were repulsed, and retreated in disorder. General Crawford and staff were close to the house during the fight. A rebel shell set it on fire, and it was consumed during the engagement.

On page 405 are sketches showing the troops of General Barlow in front of the rebel works, and the passage of the Pamunkey at Hanover by the army in its advance from the North Anna. General Barlow's position on the front, where this sketch was taken, was twelve miles from Richmond. Mr. Waud says:

"The sketch was taken from the Sheldon House, a mansion nearly two hundred years old, built of imported glazed brick, and occupied by a lot of women and children, who refused to leave, although fifty or sixty rebel cannon-shot passed through the building. They sought refuge in the cellar. The works seen from this point consist of a double row of rifle-pits on the crest above the stream called Tolopatamoy, with epaulements for guns, not more than 600 yards away. The guns, flags, and men are distinctly visible from this mansion."

The crossing of the Pamunkey has been fully described in accounts of the forward movement. The river is deep, muddy, and thickly fringed with wood. The ferry-master at Hanover sunk his boat on the approach of our forces.

In reference to the sketch of the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery Crossing the North Anna, given on page 404, our artist writes: "After Hancock had crossed the North Anna, Burnside was ordered over to connect the line of battle. To do this he had to cross the river by the Chesterfield bridge on the Telegraph road to Richmond. The rebels had a fine range on this bridge, and a 4-gun battery played upon it all day, whenever troops appeared upon it. As the columns double-quicked it over shell would burst right about them, covering the men with dust when they struck the ground, and wounding a few of the soldiers. The crest from which our batteries are represented replying to the fire was captured the day previous by General Berry's old brigade, to which the Ninety-third New York Volunteers have been assigned. The assault and capture of this point is considered one of the most dashing incidents of the campaign. The rebels were so severely handled that they had not time to burn the bridge. Many were captured and some drowned at this place."

In the battle at Cold Harbor, June 1, Stevens's battery, belonging to the Sixth Corps, was so near the rebel lines that the soldiers nicknamed it "Battery Insult." It stirred up the rebels in a most aggravating manner, and was an excessively dangerous spot to be seen in. After a discharge of the pieces hundreds of bullets would *zip* through the embrasures and around the earth-work; occasionally round shot would batter down portions of the work, but the artillerists stuck to it and did good execution. It will be noticed, in our sketch on page 404, that the limber chests have been taken off the carriages, and placed in trenches dug for their security.

The picture on pages 408 and 409 illustrates one of the grandest charges of the war—that of Barlow's Division in the Battle of Cold Harbor, June 1. General Barlow held the extreme left of the army. A correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the charge:

> Barlow had directed that his attacking brigades should, previously to the assault, be moved out, and formed just in rear of the picket line. From this point they advanced for half a mile, through woods and over open intervals, under a severe fire, square up to the enemy's works. That portion of his front where the right of Miles's brigade joined with the left of Brooks's—the same brigades that so brilliantly carried the famous salient in the lines of Spottsylvania—succeeded in a similar splendid *coup* here; they got over and into the enemy's parapet, capturing his guns (four light 12-pounders), his colors, and five or six hundred prisoners, about three hundred of whom were secured by promptly passing them to the rear. The storming column, in fact, was just turning the enemy's guns on the retreating rebels when powerful reinforcements from the second rebel line appeared advancing. Barlow's brigades—stout hearts, not used to pale before the greatest odds—could have held their own under conditions the least short of desperation, but the situation in which they now found themselves o'erleaped its limits. It was not merely the overwhelming front that came pressing down upon them—of that they had no fear—but the position they had gained placed them in advance of the whole line of battle, and gave the rebel artillery the opportunity for a deadly enfilading fire. Besides this, they had lost the directing heads of two of the chief commanders. Brooks and Byrnes, "souls of courage all compact," fell seriously wounded, and all the organizations had suffered fearfully from an unparalleled loss of officers. In this state of facts they fell back, bringing with them the prisoners they had taken and a captured color, but not the guns. They fell back, but not to their original position; to a position far in advance of that they had held, and at different points not more than fifty yards from the enemy.

In reference to our picture our artist writes: "This sketch represents a portion of the line at the time when they had captured the first line of rifle-pits, and were about to advance upon the second. The regiment is the New York Seventh Heavy Artillery. Some of the men are seen over the embankment endeavoring to turn the enemy's captured guns upon them, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Morris, Colonel Porter having been killed in the charge. In the fore-ground the prisoners are seen rapidly divesting themselves of their accoutrements, the first thing being always the disarming of the captured. Near them some soldiers are moving the Colonel in a blanket; and above a captured flag, with the Virginia State arms emblazoned upon it, is carried in by one of our soldiers."

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LILY IS ACTUALLY AT HOME.

Once more Lily traversed the up-hill pavement, and marveled at the great rolling turbulent gutters in the roadways: gutters which in those days often bore on their inky bosoms the carcasses of defunct cats and dogs, that rolled past, swift and supine, toward the Infinite reserved for the beasts.

Once more she saw the clumsy oil-lamps slung on ropes across the streets, and smelled the faint odor of the melons and peaches, and the quicker aroma of the grapes from the fruiterers' shops. The way was by back streets, where there were few brilliant shops, full of gold, and silver, and jewels, and rich dresses, and beautiful pictures. But to the timid little hermit just escaped from her thralldom, the narrow, dirty streets of old Paris were ineffably charming. The great dishes full of wet partly-cooked spinach, like green mortar, in the green-grocers' shops; the giant pumpkins at the doors, some cleft in twain, and disclosing a voluptuous mine of golden squash and seedfulness within, that looked like the heads of grim Paynim warriors stricken off by the two-handed swords of doughty Crusaders; the eggs boiled in cochineal (as Madame Prudence explained) to make their shells red: "c'est pour distraire l'œil, mon enfant;" the long strings of dumpy little sausages; the shapely pigs' feet cunningly truffled, as though they had corns defiant of the skillfulest chiropodist; the other wonderful preparations of pork at the charcutiers'; the butchers' shops, with their marble dressers and gilt iron railings, and their scraggy but lively-colored show of meat; the glaring-sign-boards; the dazzling show of pewter pitchers in the wine-shops; the ticket-porters dozing on their trucks, with their shirt-collars open, disclosing their shaggy, vein-corrugated necks; the throng of little boy-soldiers with vacant faces and red legs; of priests in shovel-hats; of policemen with swords and cocked-hats; of mustached old women, very like the two Fates who came to card wool at the Pension, trolling monstrous barrows full of fruit or vegetables; the water-carriers with their pails; the alert little work-women, with their trim white caps, whisking along with their skirts thrown over one arm; the wonderful poodle-dogs with tufted tails and curling manes, like pacific lions of a smaller growth; the liquorice-water seller with his pagoda at his back hung with bells and banners, and his clean napkin and arsenal of bright tin mugs; the woman who sold the jumbles, and the man who sold metal taps; the wandering glazier with his cry of "Vitrier-e-e-e-er!" the old clothesman, no Jew he, but a stout Christian, who looked as though he had spent a good many years traveling in Galilee, and had begun to waver in his faith somewhat, crying, "Vieux habits, vieux galons!" the very beggars and blackguard little boys in torn blue blouses, who splashed in the gutters, or made faces behind the backs of the cocked-hatted policemen; all had charms for Lily. She could not help observing that most of the surrounding objects—animate as well as inanimate—were exceedingly dirty, and that the atmosphere was heavily laden with tobacco smoke; but the entire spectacle was charming to her, nevertheless.

By-and-by, in the wane of the afternoon (for they had walked leisurely, and Madame Prudence had met several acquaintances, the majority bearing large baskets from which the stalks of vegetables protruded, or the heads of fowls dangled, and who were manifestly of the culinary calling), they crossed the great roaring Boulevard—which the housekeeper told Lily was an ocean of wickedness, and to be avoided, save on feast-days, when the good people came out as well as the bad—and entered a maze of streets much wider and cleaner, but much quieter. There were few shops, but many white walls, seeming to stretch onward for miles, and relieved only by jalousied windows and heavy portes cochères. Lily's heart sank within her. All looked older; but then all was as still and as gloomy as the stark and sepulchral suburb of Saint Philippe du Roule.

"Does the good lady—does Madame de Kergolay—keep a Pension?" she asked, nervously.

Madame Prudence could feel the little arm quivering within her own, and patted it again, reassuringly.

"Courage, my child!" she said, with a merry laugh. "Why, we have not the boldness of a guinea-pig. We have done with Pensions for good. No more classes, no more haricots, no more tasks and penances, no more Marcassins! A Pension, my faith! Madame la Baronne de Kergolay—a baroness, mind you, of the old stock, and not one of the day before yesterday—is a lady of ancient extraction, high rank, and ascertained position in society. She has had misfortunes, cruel and bitter misfortunes; but sooner than keep a Pension, and suck the blood of young children, she would stand and sell matches at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Yes, my child; suck their blood! That is what the Marcassin does. She is a real Count Ugolino."

A considerable period had apparently elapsed since Madame Prudence had perused the works of Dante. Lily, however, knew quite as little about Count Ugolino as the housekeeper did; and the assurance that Madame de Kergolay did not keep a school was quite sufficient for her.

The baroness lived in the Marais, in one of the tallest and oldest houses of that tall old quarter. It was a red brick house, too—almost as great a rarity in Paris as a stone house is in London. The entire mansion, Madame Prudence took care to inform Lily, belonged to the baroness; but she let it out in flats to respectable tenants, and reserved only one floor, the third, for her own use.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN THE MARAIS.

If Madame de Kergolay had lived on a third floor in London, the altitude of her dwelling-place would have been accepted as prima facially conclusive evidence of her impoverished circumstances. But indigence, in Paris, does not necessarily correspond with the number of stairs you have to mount to your abode; and, although the baroness's apartment was au troisième, it was spacious, comfortable, and even elegant.

Madame Prudence was short-winded, and, as she toiled up the staircase, uttered sundry invectives against a certain "Satané" asthma which troubled her. The Abbé Chatain would not have failed to reprove her for using so naughty an adjective; and of this eventuality Madame Prudence seemed herself aware; for on the second landing she objurgated the asthma with bated breath, and apostrophized it only as a "Cosaque." But she was very glad to rest a while on this penultimate flight, while Lily gazed with admiration through an œil-de-bœuf casement on the vast panorama of slated roofs and chimney-stacks which stretched around and beneath her. The sweetly-savored smoke from the wood fires curled in delicate violet hue against the clear blue sky; and the distant melody of a piano—played not as a school task, but for pleasure, for the instrumentalist caroled a lively ditty as he sang—came and smote her very sweetly on the ear. It was a simple matter to be pleased with, yet Lily felt as though she could have clapped her hands, and sung back again. Poor little creature! she had seen so little, as yet, of the only city in the world worth living in!

"I should like," she said, in airy prattle to her new-found friend, "always to live here, and look through that window. See, there is a woman hanging out linen on a roof. Oh, if there were only some birds! There used to be birds at Miss Bunnycastle's."

"Bird yourself," rejoined the good-humored housekeeper. "Silly little chatterer, you'd soon get tired of your bird's-eye view, I'll warrant. Yes, yes, there are better things to be seen within. Come! my respiration is a little restored. We will ring at the good lady's bell."

A lively piece of sculpture, in the likeness of a horse's fore-foot, hung at the end of a silken cord by the side of a door whose central panel exhibited a brass plate, and thereon, in very spiky and attenuated black letters, the words, "Madame la Baronne de Kergolay." Lily felt a slight tremor when she read "baroness." The remembrance of a former "countess" was rather conducive to a conviction on her part that she had had enough to do with titles of nobility for the term of her natural life.

A withered old man, very diminutive, but with a very large head, and perhaps the thinnest pair of spindle-shanks ever seen out of a museum of anatomical preparations, opened the door, and grinned in a hospitable manner at the new-comers.

"This is my brother Thomas," said Madame Prudence, introducing the little old man, "although you will oftener hear him addressed by his little name of Vieux Sablons. He is twenty years older than I, but in his youth was a furious gaillard. Even now il fait des farces. He is as upright as a dart, as strong as Hercules, and sain comme mon œil."

Thomas, otherwise Vieux Sablons, grinned so extensively while these praises were being bestowed on him that, in the mind of the timid, some fear might have arisen respecting the permanent cohesion of his superior and inferior jaws. This time, however, no divorce between the upper and lower portions of his head took place. The grin subsiding into a smirk, he shut the outer door behind the visitors, and ushered them into the interior of the premises.

Lily remarked that Thomas's large head, though quite bald on the summit, and very scantily furnished with thin locks about the ears, was plentifully powdered. He wore, moreover, earrings: at which, I take it, an English Jeames would have been astounded, if not scandalized. He was habited in a green livery coat, short in the waist, and shorter in the tails, shortest of all from a proportional point of view in the cuffs, and ornamented with a shoulder-knot of tarnished silver bullion. It was a coat worn to the very shabbiest, and scrupulously neat; and the large plated buttons had been so often polished that the armorial cognizance on them, as on a Louis the Fifteenth franc, was well-nigh defaced. Thomas's waistcoat had fallen likewise into the sere and yellow leaf—or rather the leaf that is sere without being yellow; for the original hue of the nankeen which formed its texture had, through repeated ablutions, vanished. His green velvet nether garments likewise suggested to the observant spirit that they had originally formed the covering of a Utrecht sofa of the time of the First Empire, which had been very liberally sat upon by the beaux and belles of that epoch. He wore silk stockings of no particular color, and, where they were not cobweb, his hose, like the late Sir John Cutler's, were one darn. Still, any little shortcomings that might have been noticeable in his apparel were amply compensated by a prodigious pair of cut steel buckles in his shoes, and by a protruding shirt-frill or jabot: so white, so starched, and so stiff that it gave him the appearance of a piece of Palissy-ware, cleaving with distended fin its way through life, like one of poor Bernard's perch through a dish.

"He wore that coat before the assembly of notables met," whispered Madame Prudence. "He was a running footman at Vieux Sablons. He has worn l'épée au côté—the sword by his side. Ah, the glad days!"

Anon they had passed through a cheerful dining-room with the usual floor of inlaid wood, light chintz hangings and furniture, and plenty of mirrors. At each of the three windows there was a glittering cage, and in each cage a canary was singing.

"Hao! it is better than the staircase," quoth Madame Prudence, slyly.

Lily thought so, indeed, when they came to the next room, the saloon, where the mirrors had richer frames—all tarnished, though—and where there were more birds, as many as four in a cage, and a beautiful globe full of gold and silver fish, and some stately pictures of ladies in hoops, and gentlemen with wigs and swords, and some older portraits of cavaliers in slouched hats and curled mustaches, and dames in ringlets and point lace. Here the furniture was of dark carved wood, with elaborate cushions and backs in needle-work.

"All Madame's doing," whispered the housekeeper. "She is an angel at her needle, but they were put together by the tapissier of the quarter. The old furniture was broken to pieces; the mirrors and the pictures my brother saved; but there's not a portrait without a bullet-hole or the gash of a knife in it, carefully mended; not a looking-glass frame but the glass itself has been smashed. What you see is nearly all that is left of the château of Vieux Sablons."

Again they went on, until Thomas, lifting up a heavy drapery of old tapestry veiling a door, tapped discreetly at it. His large head disappeared in the hangings, but he speedily withdrew it, and turned it toward the visitors with a reassuring grin.

"Madame will receive," he said. "She is not saying her breviary. Go in, my children."

Lily observed, as he retired, that, although he was as "upright as a dart," the gait of Vieux Sablons was very feeble, and he hobbled.

Madame Prudence seemed to divine the girl's thoughts.

"Yes," she said, with pleasant pride. "Thomas is of a certain age. He is no longer in his first youth. He is eighty, and for sixty-five years, man and boy, has been in the service of the family. But he is agile. Oh! he is alert. Ma parole d'honneur, I think he could dance the gavotte as well as Monsieur Vestris."

But here Madame Prudence was inwardly reminded that priests' housekeepers have no right to be critical on the execution of so mundane a performance as the gavotte, and she was for a moment covered with confusion. She muttered, however, something about the old thoughts that had come into her head through the presence of young people, and, pushing aside the drapery, led Lily in.

They found themselves in a neat smiling little room that was half boudoir and half bedchamber, the walls hung with antique tapestry in which shepherds and shepherdesses, brave with ribbons—for their very crooks and the necks of their sheep were hung with the parti-colored products of the loom—were grinning as affably upon all comers as Thomas, yclept Vieux Sablons. Their smiles had somewhat faded from the stitches which years agone had been fixed in perpetual cachinnation by busy fingers now fleshless in the tomb, but they continued to grin valorously. As though there had really ever been such a place as Arcadia, as though the real names of Corydon and Phillis had not been Colin and Margot, who had pined in rags and penury, and fed on black bread (and, when that was scarce, on boiled grass), while the beaux in wigs had been writing epigrams to the belles in hoops at the tall-roofed château yonder. As though the château had never been burnt down by Corydons and Phillises infuriated by famine and oppression. As though there had never been a guillotine erected in permanency at the Mairie, a desecrated parish church, a broken cross, and a Reign of Terror. And the shepherds and shepherdesses went on smiling, in a third floor in the Marais, as they had once smiled in the great hall of Vieux Sablons.

There were more birds in this room; and their diversified twittering was, to tell truth, somewhat embarrassing to the newly-arrived stranger. One soon grew accustomed, however, to a riot which of all riots is the most tolerable. There was a dwarfish coffee-colored pug-dog, too, of the breed called "carlin"—a detestable little beast with a red leather collar hung with bells, and a face like that of a negro pugilist (who had lost the fight) seen through the small end of an opera-glass. This pet and treasure yapped and japped about the room, and at first seemed inclined to cultivate a hostile acquaintance with Lily's ankles—dear me! how very late in the day I am in telling you that our solitary one had begun to have ankles, and that they were very shapely—but was soon recalled to order by a mild voice; a voice which addressed him now as "little tyrant," and now as "little cherished one."

On a cushion of tambour-work, which was moved about as the sun's rays affected different strips of the flooring, couched, grave and magisterial, and with a frill of fur like an Elizabethan ruff round his neck, a monstrous Angora cat. It was said, long ago, that no human being could ever have been as wise as Thurlow *looked;* but the impenetrable sagacity of the Angora's countenance would have reduced the chancellor, wig, seals, and all, to idiotcy by contrast. The Angora cat's name was Miriflon.

In this room there was a handsome circular table of marqueterie, laden with books, with flowers, with needle-work. There were cunning little green silk screens to subdue the light and the heat of the fire, which, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, was crackling on the polished andirons of the roomy chimney. In a far-off alcove there was a bed: looking more, however, like a vast ottoman: with a faultlessly adjusted counterpane of quilted crimson silk.

By the work-table, a screen before her eyes, in a long, low, invalid chair, reclined a very old lady, whose hair was like undressed, but highly bleached, flax; whose lineaments seemed to have been cut in marble; whose complexion was soft and clear as virgin wax. Her hands, Lily noticed, were as white as the Marcassin's; but they were mild hands, gentle hands, innocent hands, hands that closed only when they were clasped in prayer, that opened only to give something away. She was clad in gray silk, and a kind of laced kerchief was tied under her head. She wore spectacles, and she had not a tooth in her head; but she looked, for all that, very like a saint.

"Kiss her, my child," whispered Madame Prudence.

Lily trembled all over: and, she scarcely knew why, her eyes filled with tears. Then, by an involuntary movement, she crept down to her knees, and took the lady's hand, which was soft and glossy, and, holding it between her own, gently kissed it.

The lady disengaged her hand and patted the brown curls nestling by her.

"And so you are to be my little pet bird," she said, in a low yet silvery shrill voice. "We are very good friends already, I can see. Monsieur l'Abbé has told me all about you. You have nothing to fear here, Lily Floris."

To Lily's inexpressible delight the lady spoke English—her own pure, sonorous, native tongue; at which Madame Prudence, not understanding a word, looked on in highly critical admiration.

Madame de Kergolay smiled at the girl's ill-concealed astonishment.

"Don't be afraid," she continued; "this is not a Pension Anglaise. You are surprised to hear me speak your language. Well, it is partly mine. I am English by descent, though not by birth. My grand-nephew, whom you will see some of these days (the scamp), is English from head to foot. Yes; I come of an English family—have you never heard of the Greyfaunts of Lancashire? No, you are too young—but I was born in France. My father was exiled in the '45 for his attachment to the true king, and I was brought up by the English Benedictines—ah! the good sisters—in Paris; and when I left the convent I married Monsieur de Kergolay." She sighed as she spoke, and turned to a portrait supported on a little easel near her. It represented a handsome gentleman with powdered locks, but with a full dark mustache, who wore a white uniform coat with blue facings, and the cross of St. Louis at the button-hole. "Yes," the baroness murmured. "He was the bravest captain in his regiment, and the bravest gentleman in all Brittany. Nay, I libel them: the Bretons are all brave, and there is none bravest."

She was given to ramble sometimes in her discourse, and an unusual flow of volubility was succeeded by a silence somewhat blank. Madame Prudence beckoned Lily away.

"We will leave her a little while," whispered the good housekeeper. "She is easily fatigued. Madame is of a great age. Figure to yourself, my dear: eighty-six. She is weak, but ah! she has the courage of a Mousquetaire Gris in her."

"She is a very beautiful old lady, and I am sure she is good," Lily said, thoughtfully.

"You are right, little seer," returned the housekeeper, tapping the girl familiarly under the chin. "Beauty like hers laughs at time. Now it is a lantern, very clear and pellucid, through which her beautiful soul shines. The abbé says that she will be asked few questions on the great voyage. Her papers are all in order. Do you know that M. l'Abbé Edgeworth, who confessed the martyr king, gave her absolution himself when, with six of her old governesses, the Benedictines, she was mounting the fatal tumbril that was to convey her to the scaffold? And it was only by a miracle she escaped."

"Poor lady!" murmured Lily. "How beautiful she must have been!"

"Beautiful!" repeated Madame Prudence. "Ah! her beauty has gone through rude trials. Fire and famine and slaughter, insult and torture, captivity, exile, poverty, and hunger. And now, with the exception of her graceless grand-nephew, she is left quite alone."

"Why, I am quite alone too," quoth Lily, simply.

"Poor little lamb! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. There! You are to be no longer alone. Madame la Baronne will love you very dearly, and Vieux Sablons will take as much care of you as though you were Azor the pug-dog, or Miriflon the cat, and I will come and see you whenever I can spare half an hour; and, bless my heart, here is Babette, the femme de chambre, who will show you the little room that is to be yours. And now, really, I must kiss you and bid you good-by, or my dear abbé will think I am lost."

And Madame Prudence, confiding Lily to the care of Babette, who was a homely woman of middle age, with a port-wine stain on her face, was as good as her word, and bustled away.

Babette took Lily into a charming little bedroom, all rustling in white dimity draperies. Ah! so different from that dreadful hole at the Marcassin's. She showed Lily a coquettish little bed, and a wardrobe where her linen and clothes were arranged; and then, to the girl's great astonishment, the homely Babette sat down on the bed and began to cry.

"Don't mind me," she said in French, wiping her eyes. "I'm not going to hate you or to be jealous of you. But I am low-spirited this morning. Je pensais après mon homme là-bas: I was thinking about my husband yonder."

Lily could not help thinking Babette a very strange woman, but she forbore to vex her by interruption.

"Is it through—" Babette was about to say "charity," but she checked herself: "is it pour l'amour du bon Dieu that you are going to stay with us?"

Lily felt herself blushing crimson, but she answered steadily, "I am quite alone, and poor, and was very unhappy where I lived, till M. l'Abbé Chatain brought me away: and I know that Madame de Kergolay is very charitable."

The homely woman had a brawny fist. She doubled it, and brought it down with a thump on the bed.

"Charitable?" she repeated. "She's a saint. Don't think I wish to shame you. I am the lowest of the low, a creature of shame, la dernière des dernières;" and she began to weep afresh.

Lily did her best to console her, but the most efficacious balsam to be applied to a wounded spirit seemed, in the case of the homely woman, to be the doubling of her fist again. She brought it down with renewed force on the counterpane.

"Look you well here, little one," she exclaimed. "This house has more mercy in it than the Hôtel-Dieu—than Bicêtre—than any house on earth. My man, my husband, it is very certain was a villain—Claude Gallifet, called Claquedents. An abominable man. Do you see that scar on my forehead? That was where he knocked me down with his adze, as a butcher knocks down the bœuf-gras. Observe it well. The blow went through my skull as though it had been of paper. Do you see this gap in my mouth? That is where Claquedents knocked three of my teeth down my throat. My breath is almost as short as the Dame Prudence's. But I have no asthma. I pant because Claude jumped on me, and broke two of my ribs. But I loved that man there. Do you understand?"

Lily was bewildered, and knew not what to say. She bowed her head.

"If he was bad," the woman continued, "I was bad. If he was a robber, I was a receiver of stolen goods. I tell you I loved him. Well! If he did commit the burglary by night, I helped him. I made the skeleton keys for him, and the list slippers, so that he should not be heard. Ce n'est pas moi qui l'ai conseillé de tuer la bourgeois," she muttered, in a lower tone, and halted, and looked at Lily, and breathed hard.

The girl was shuddering.

"The bourgeois did not die," Babette went on, gloomily. "Otherwise, Claquedents would have been guillotined. Well, they sent him to Toulon for life. He is there now, with a red night-cap, and chained to another villain. N'en parlons plus."

"I was tried with him," she resumed. "They were merciful to me because I was a woman, and I had but two years' seclusion. I came out of prison to do what? To starve. 'Get up,' said the police one day. 'Lie down,' they cried the next. 'Go here, go there; where are your papers?' I had none, and no bread. I tell you I had no bread. They would not take me in at the hospital. I was so strong, they said. I had had a child. That died while I was in the prison. I begged a sou one night, and paid the toll on to the Pont des Arts to drown myself. The Abbé Chatain met me. He gave me money for a bed. He told Madame about me. I was received in an institution where saints such as she gather together wretches such as I. I worked very hard. I showed that I could be honest. Good God! I never stole any thing but when I wanted bread, or when my man told me. At last I came here. I am housekeeper. I have the care of the plate. I could strangle Madame, who is as helpless as a child, when I put her to bed. Vieux Sablons does not know my story. The Dame Prudence, even, only knows from the abbé that I was poor. Nothing more. But I tell you—because you are young and have been miserable—think of me, and bless God that you ever came into this house."

"And your husband?" Lily said, lifting her great eyes in wonderment to the woman's face.

"Speak no more of him," she returned. "If he were to escape, or to be released, I declare that I would kill myself. I love him, and a month after we had met we should be at the Dépôt of the Préfecture again for robbery. You will never hear any thing more about this from me. Go! I see you are good. I am not about to be jealous of you." And Babette got off the bed, smoothed out the indentations made by her fist, and very composedly proceeded to fill the ewer from a large brass pitcher.

When Lily was left alone she ventured to open the wardrobe, and found that the mean and patched apparel she had brought from the Pension Marcassin had been supplemented by a store of linen, morning wrappers, and other feminine gear, which, to her unaccustomed eyes, appeared inexpressibly spruce and smart. There was little finery among the stock; there were neither silks nor satins; but to the whilom Cinderella the few drawers seemed to contain the treasures of the Indies. She had never seen such nice clothes since the well-remembered afternoon when Cutwig & Co. fitted her out.

Presently came Vieux Sablons with a tap at her door, to tell her, with as conciliatory a grin as usual, that Madame would again receive her. She followed him, timidly, but with a happy reliance gradually growing upon her. Every thing told her that in this house she had nothing to fear.

Madame de Kergolay bade Lily come very close, and kissed her on the forehead.

"I am a very weak, suffering old woman, my darling," she said, "and constant pain makes me cross and irritable sometimes. When I scold you (which will not be often, I hope), you must smile and kiss me. When I scold Vieux Sablons he rubs the buttons of his coat with his sleeve; which relieves him. Formerly he used to whistle, but I prohibited that, as an impertinence. And now you must sit down on that little stool by my feet, and tell me every thing about yourself. I need not ask you for the truth. It is written in your face."

It was indeed. The girl drew the stool close to the old lady's chair, and, her brown curls nestling among the draperies of her protectress, told, in artless simplicity, the short and sorrowful story of her life. There were no startling incidents, no romantic episodes. It was a mean, commonplace little tale; but Madame de Kergolay shed tears as she listened to it.

"You have been very unhappy, my child," she began, when Lily had ended. "Let us pray that the dark days are over, and that the bright time is coming. In His inscrutable wisdom and mercy, the Almighty is often pleased to afflict most sorely those of his creatures who seem least deserving of his anger. You have had, indeed, to suffer two most terrible deprivations. No father to protect, no mother to cherish and fondle you! Ah! poor little lamb! my heart bleeds for you. But we must see what a feeble, bedridden invalid can do to console you; yes, we must try to make you as happy as the day is long."

"There is only one thing that I am afraid of, Madame," faltered Lily.

"And what is that, my child?"

"If the lady—the strange lady—the one who was called countess—should find me out? If she went to Mademoiselle Marcassin's, and discovered where I was! Oh! it would be dreadful!"

"Foolish little thing! After deserting you so long, it is not probable that she will care to inquire about you. If she be indeed your mother, she must be a cruel and hard-hearted woman—a scandal to her sex. But I can not believe that any mother could be so inhuman. No, no; she must be some wicked and intriguing woman, who, to further bad designs of her own, has been endeavoring to alienate you from your real parents. Let us think no more about her. Justice, divine or human, must, sooner or later, overtake a creature so abandoned. Let us indulge in hopes, rather, that some day the two gentlemen who placed you at the school at Clapham, and one of whom must have been your father, may be met with. But, until they do come forward, and under any circumstances, you are not the less to be my dear adopted child."

They had much converse that afternoon; and an impertinent little alabaster clock on the mantle-piece had proclaimed, in a voice very much resembling the barking of a very weak little puppy, that it was six o'clock, when Vieux Sablons (who had bestowed a fresh sprinkling of powder on his bald pate in honor of the occasion) announced that Madame was served, and that dinner was ready.

Madame, alas! could not walk to her evening meal; but as she obstinately refused to be treated so much like an invalid as to be served in her bedchamber, she was slowly wheeled in her chair to the salle-à-manger. The six o'clock dinner was one of the few links that bound her to the everyday world; and, whether she dined alone or in company, the ceremonious announcement of the banquet was made by Vieux Sablons, and her modest repast was served up in the apartment specially provided for the purpose.

The dinner was a very simple, but a very nice one. They had a soup with bread in it, a little of the gravy beef with a sharp sauce, a couple of dishes of vegetables, a roast chicken, and some cream cheese. The only evidences of luxury were in the wine, which was a rare and odoriferous Bordeaux, and in the dessert, at which a magnificent melon made its appearance. Every thing pertaining to the service of the table was scrupulously clean, and of originally costly material, but every thing had plainly seen better days. The table-cloth and napkins were damask, but worn to the cord, and as elaborately darned as Vieux Sablons's stockings. The plate was silver, but rubbed to the last degree of thinness. The dessert porcelain was old Sèvres, but cracked and riveted in dozens of places. Every article, in fact, from the napkin-holders to the salad-bowl, seemed to have undergone some terrible shipwreck, but to have been rescued from the wreckers' hands, and carefully put together again.

Vieux Sablons was footman and butler and parlor-maid. He solemnly drew the bottle of Bordeaux, and presented the encrimsoned cork on a battered little salver of silver to his mistress, who examined and dismissed it approvingly, saying that the good Haut Brion showed, as yet, no signs of deterioration. He carved the melon with a silver knife and fork in a very imposing manner, and brought on the two silver sconces containing lighted candles of yellow wax, with an air worthy of a sacristan, or of a gentleman of the chamber to the Great King.

"We do things pretty well in a third floor of the Marais, hein, little ma'amselle?" he remarked, with pardonable complacency, as he lighted Lily to her chamber.

The girl said that every thing was beautifully comfortable.

"With regard to comfort," replied Vieux Sablons, slightly piqued, "I don't care about it. I know it not, the comfortable. It concerns me not. It belongs to the revolutionaries. I alluded to the style. Do you approve of it?"

Lily hastened to assure him that she regarded the style as perfect.

"That's right, little ma'amselle," returned the ancient servitor, nodding his head in grave satisfaction. "We are au troisième, it is true, but still we perform our functions here in the way they were performed before the evil times. The bulk of our fortune, alas! we have lost, but we contrive to exist, and to keep up our style on crumbs. You see that our forks and spoons are still of silver."

Yes, Lily had noticed that.

"The days have been," Vieux Sablons continued, "when I have had the honor to serve Madame and her guests entirely off silver, ay, and off silver-gilt. But what would you have? The accursed revolution has ruined all. The Gauls triumph. Poor France!"

"Poor Madame de Kergolay!" murmured Lily, softly.

"You are right, my child," said the old man. "We keep up our style, and there is that scamp of a grand-nephew, and Madame is an angel to the poor, and all upon ten thousand francs a year. And the manor of Vieux Sablons alone was once worth a million."

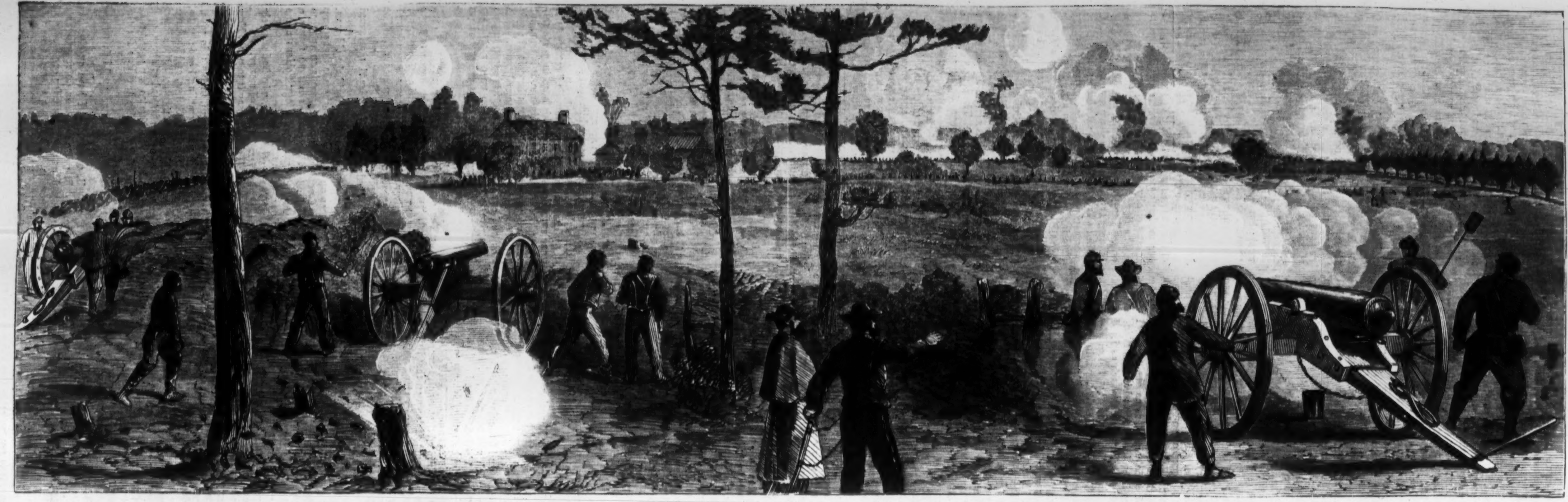
"A million!" echoed Lily, who had scarcely ever heard of so large a sum of money.

"A million! 'Tis I who say it to you. Now we are reduced to ten thousand miserable francs. The appointments of an employé, quoi! But I tell you what," the old man, in his thin pipe, continued, clenching a trembling hand; "the day that our funds begin to fail us, and Madame says, 'Vieux Sablons, we must sell the silver, and dine with one course instead of three, or I shall have no bread to give to my poor,' that day I will beg, that day I will thieve for the House of Kergolay."

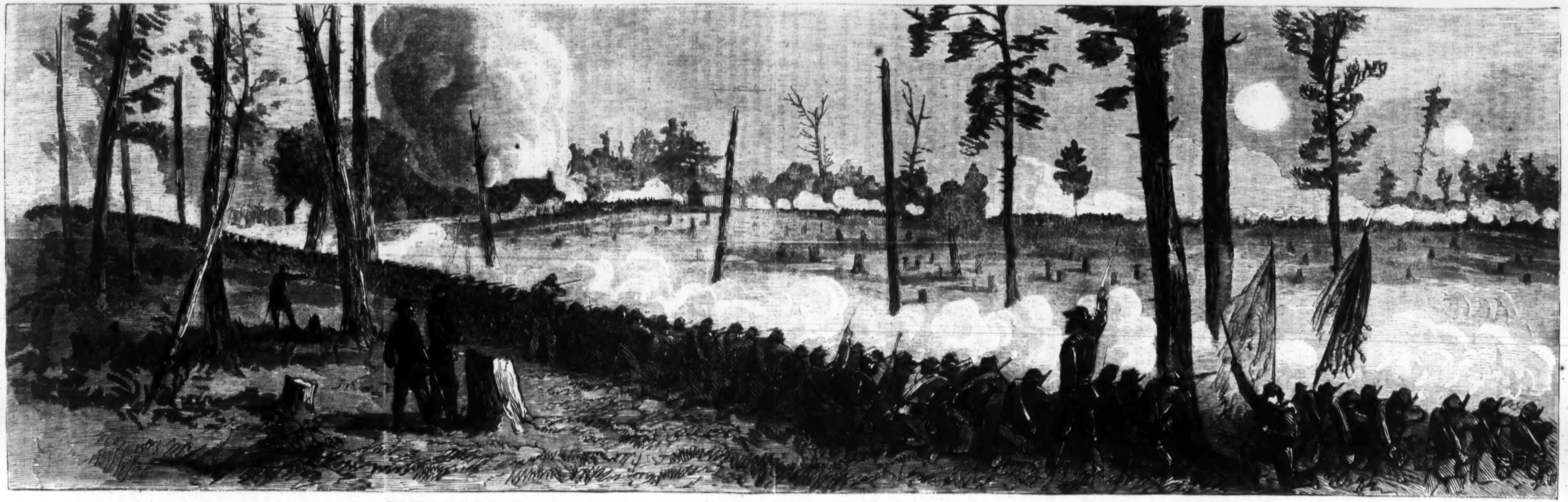
"But Madame would be angry," Lily gently pleaded.

"Very well, very well. I have another resource. I will go to a bureau de remplaçants and sell myself as a substitute for one drawn in the conscription. That is a thousand francs. France always wants men; and I am strong—oh! I am strong yet. Good-night, little ma'amselle."

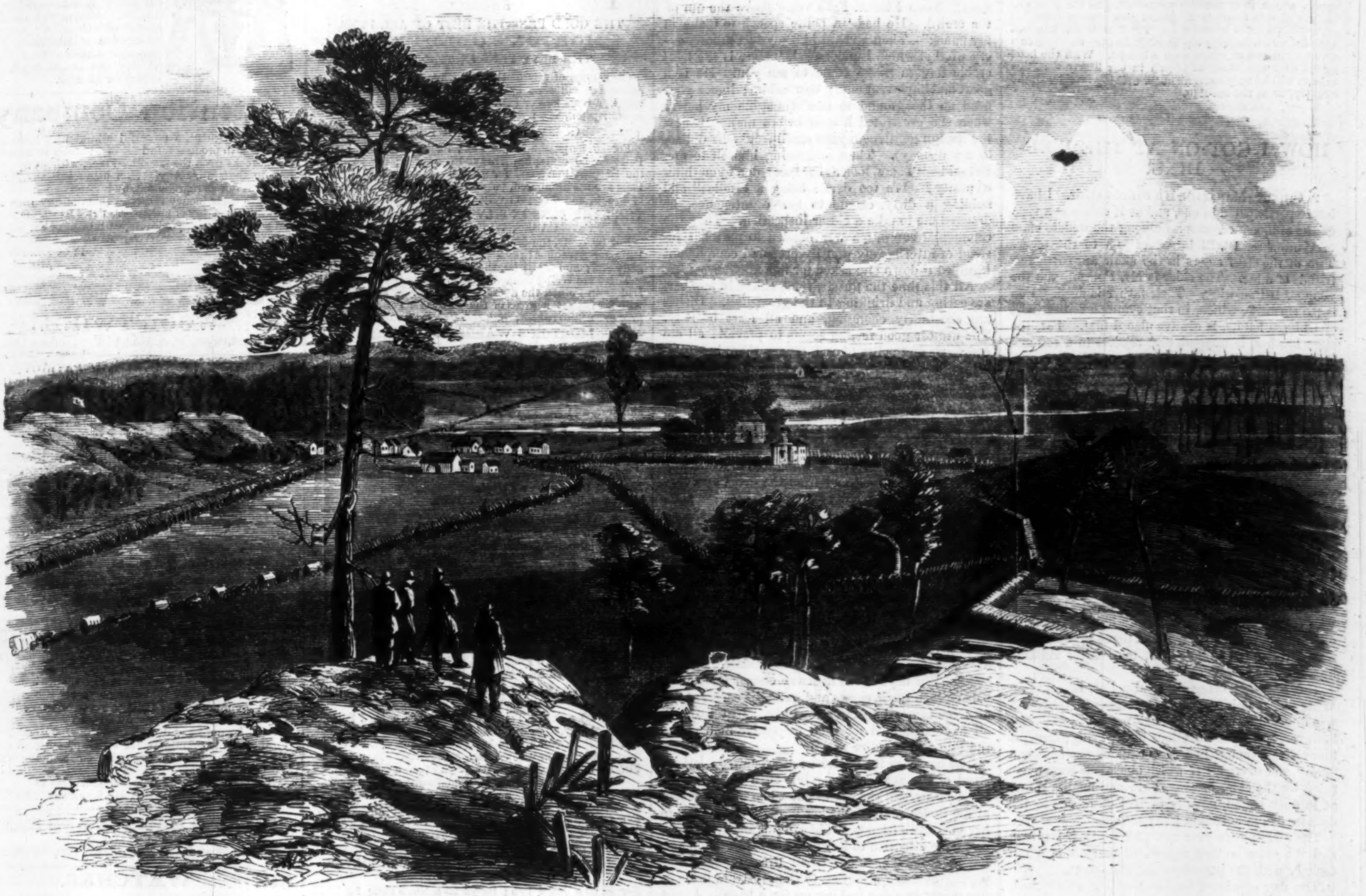
Poor Vieux Sablons! He was nearly eighty, and would not have made, I fear, a very stalwart grenadier.



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—THE POSITION AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 2.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—LAST FIGHT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—OUR ARMY ENTERING RESACA, GEORGIA, ON MAY 16, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on this page a picture of GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY ENTERING RESACA, GEORGIA, on the 16th of May, from a sketch made by T. R. DAVIS from the rebel fortifications. The columns on the left of the picture are the troops of General HOOKER; those of the centre, General PALMER'S command; and those winding down on the far right, the corps of General LOGAN.

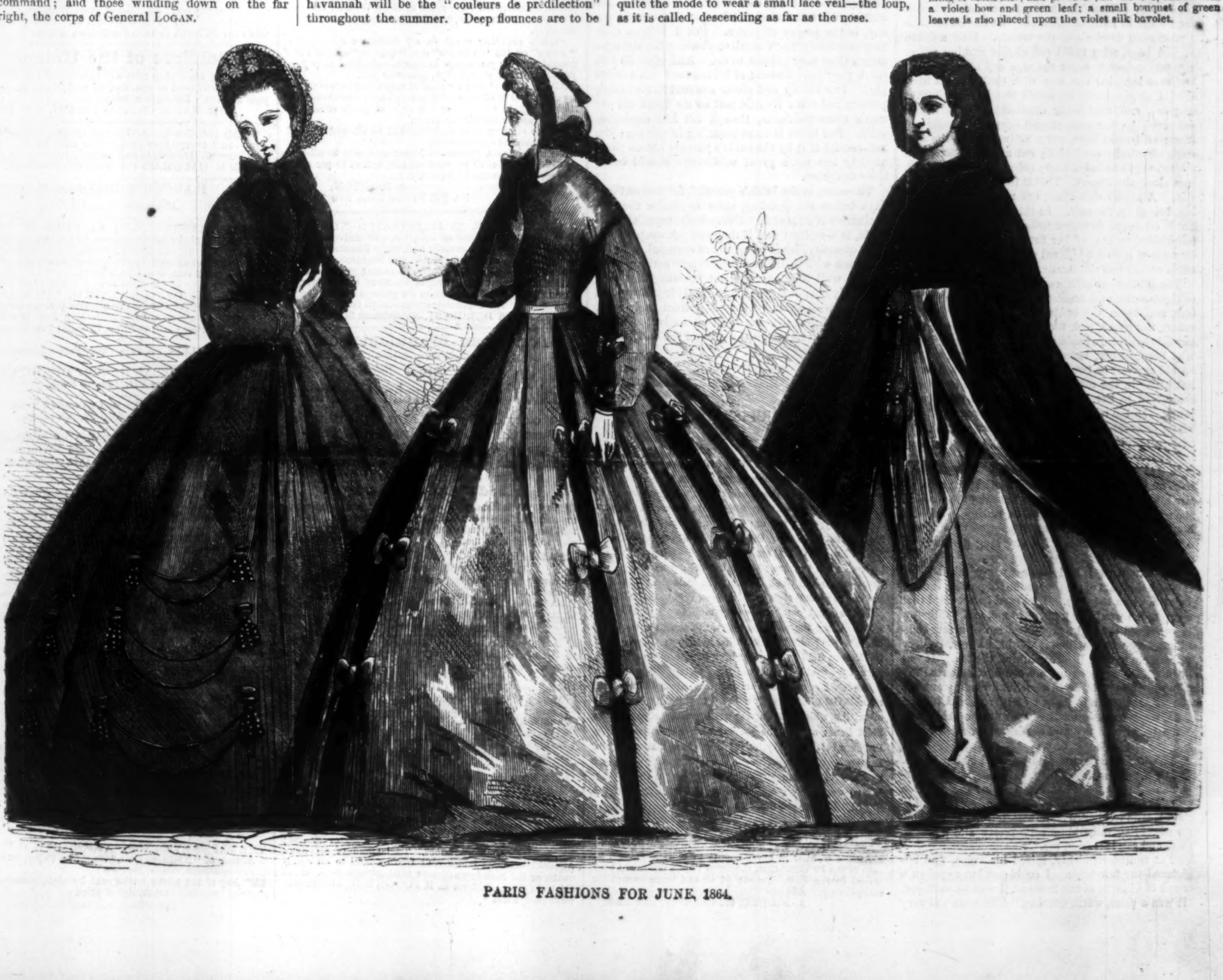
FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

WITH the return of June all the light descriptions of dress material have been restored to their wonted favor in the Parisian world of fashion. Muslins, foulards, poplins, and light silks come in for an equal share of popularity. Violet still retains its sway; and violet, light green, black, white, and havannah will be the "couleurs de prédilection" throughout the summer. Deep flounces are to be given up for the time being; if any flounce, only a very narrow one can be permitted at the bottom of the skirt. The corsages vary much in shape. Small bonnets have succeeded to the highly-elevated and richly-ornamented chapeaux. Some of the latest novelties in the way of bonnets are without the ordinary bavolet, a floral ornament replacing that portion of the capricious article of toilet. It is now quite the mode to wear a small lace veil—the loup, as it is called, descending as far as the nose.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Dark lilac poplin robe, trimmed with black passementerie ornaments. The corsage is cut in the style known as the Corsage Impératrice, without seam. Lilac crape bonnet, covered with black tulle, and ornamented with lilac marguerites beneath the front edge.

Fig. 2. *Carriage Dress.*—Slate-colored moire antique robe, trimmed with violet ribbon, fastened at intervals by bows of the dress material; the sleeves are similarly ornamented. Rice chip bonnet, edged in front with a trimming of black lace, and provided, on one side, behind with a violet bow and green leaf; a small bouquet of green leaves is also placed upon the violet silk bavolet.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1864.

Fig. 3. *Dress for a Watering-Place.*—Robe of gray moire, which it is needless to describe, as the principal feature of this figure is the Maintenon mantle, composed of cashmere, lined with taffeta. The hood is not trimmed with lace, and, forming a pelerine, falls over the shoulders when worn out of doors with a bonnet. With the hood raised over the head, as shown in our illustration, this mantle will be very convenient for evening rambles in the country, or at the sea-side.

HOW I GOT ON AT THE WEDDING.

A Chinese Marriage is a curious affair. I have lately participated in one, and as it serves as a type of the ordinary ceremonies among the middle class of Cantonese, I will introduce you to the scene. Two of the chief actors in the affair are particular friends of mine. The elder is Mr. Pun-fat, and the younger is Pun-wing. Their father is dead. Pun is the surname, which, in that common contrariness of Chinese habits, is always placed first. Fat, the elder brother, is married, and rejoices in a son and heir, who sometimes condescends to allow me to carry him in my arms without crying, and calls me Mr. Chin-chin. Fat has also a baby-daughter; but children of that sex are not counted by the Chinese.

It chanced that Fat one day, while ruminating on the fortunes of the family, and lamenting, probably, the ill-luck (as they deem it) which attended the sex of his second child, bethought him that his younger brother, Wing, ought to marry. Accordingly, probably (but not of necessity) first acquainting Wing with this happy idea which had struck him so suddenly, he set to work to find a suitable lady to present as a bride to his younger brother. In negotiating these matters it is customary to employ middle-men (or women), who set forth the attractions of the several eligible marriageable ladies who come within their mediatory influence—or, in other words, whose mammas and papas have commissioned them, the middle-men, to seek for suitable husbands for their daughters.

The selection being made—by Fat, of course—Wing was then informed of the state of affairs, and was directed to make necessary preparations. He, however, had some objections to marrying; thought himself too young, had no means of supporting a family, and so on, all of which objections were overruled by the elder brother, Fat; and finally Wing, as in duty bound, gave respectful obedience to the dictates of Fat acting *in loco parentis*.

The middle-men were now paid for their services, and the elder brother negotiated matters of detail directly with the parents of the bride-elect.

The day appointed for the wedding approached. Presents were constantly interchanged. Furniture and decorations were bought or hired for the occasion. All was bustle and excitement. Invitations were sent round: complimentary cards and letters and calls were received.

The day arrived. Fat's house was decorated with gilt and tinsel. Huge scrolls, on which were inscribed quotations from the classics or other works, and which had been presented by the invited guests, adorned the walls. Small orange-trees were introduced into the grand hall, and paper dragons and nondescript animals of the same material vied with each other in hideous ugliness. In the mean time a procession went along the streets. Half a dozen ragged boys, with faded red cloaks making scarce any pretensions to cover the rags and none to cover the bare legs, led the way with timbrels and fifes. Gilded stages, borne on men's shoulders by means of poles, and containing ornaments, fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, etc.; more ragged boys with music and flags; still more boys, gorgeously dressed, the rags more effectually concealed; red and gilt, noise and clatter, rags and faded finery (hired for the occasion), pass along the streets. This is the marriage procession. A huge sedan-chair, one mass of gilded carving, brings up the rear. In this the bride is seated. She is conveyed from her father's house, and carried blindfolded to that of her future husband, attended by none of her own kindred save the youngest male adult member of the family.

The procession halts, commingles with the crowd of sight-seers, and, amidst no small confusion, hubbub, and noise, the bride alights from her sedan, enters the house, and, for the first time in her life, beholds her future husband. Her younger brother, who brought her, leaves immediately, and, except an old servant or two he left with her, the bride is left alone in the midst of strangers, and is at once conducted to her bedroom, arrayed in bridal costume. In the mean while the guests have arrived. They, of course, are all of the sterner sex; nevertheless, etiquette requires them to visit the bride in her own room, when they make any remark they choose as to her personal appearance. "What beautiful feet she has! what superb teeth! what exquisite eyes!" And while these remarks are making she stands bowing to her guests, raising her folded hands to her head, her arms supported by a female servant on either side. All day long guests come and go.

For my part, I had made up my mind to go through this part of the proceeding in person, though I did not like the idea. I learned beforehand that a cup of tea would be handed to me, and I diligently practiced the right pronunciation of a few complimentary words, which it would, I knew, be very rude of me to omit before drinking the tea. It was evening. I screwed up my courage, repeated my complimentary phrase to myself, and boldly entered the small bedroom in company with several Chinese, who, some to have another look at the bride, and some to witness my awkwardness, crowded round me and filled the doorway.

The bride arose and commenced bowing to me. Being a very nervous man, this was rather a formidable attack. What could I do? I made a bow, and then looked to Fat for help. "Oh, Fat!" said I, "do tell her to sit down—tell her not to bow to me. Say something very pretty and polite to her, and say it is from me."

Fat smiled roguishly, raised his voice, and addressed the fair bride. I could not have spoken a word of Chinese at the moment, I was so confused. It was a close, warm evening. The room was very small, very crowded, very hot. I began to feel faint. Then I heard Fat's voice above the din of the crowd. He had "a polite speech to make in my name." Then I heard him say in Chinese, every word of which I understood, "Here is the honorable foreign S—— come to see you. He is a great and important man; bow to him; knock your head on the ground to him" (imagine my horror when she prostrated herself before me). "Show the foreign gentleman your small feet" (she did so, to my dismay). Then, addressing himself to me, Fat said—"There, look at her face: don't you think it pretty? It's too dark: bring a candle;" and holding a dirty candle to her countenance, he dragged me to take a closer inspection. Then the ceremonial cup of tea was handed to me; but instead of uttering my prettily-prepared compliment I gulped it down and asked for more.

All this time the guests, some thirty in number, are eating and drinking in the great hall. Dishes are constantly changing, and all feast heartily. The utmost good feeling seems to prevail; all are courteous and polite to each other; there is a sufficiency of ceremony to preserve decorum, and yet all is sufficiently informal to make all feel at home.

But where is the bridegroom, Mr. Wing, all this time? We left him at the door receiving his bride. After that he participates in none of the festivities, but walks about the festal hall, seeing that his guests are well served, bowing to the doorway every one who goes, and from the doorway every one who arrives! He, poor fellow! eats his plain everyday meal alone. He does not touch the viands the guests partake of; it would not be polite; and very tired he looks. Fat, too, has had a hard day's work. He has to bow and scrape to every guest, and help his younger brother to see that the neighboring cook-shop keeps the tables well supplied. Only he has this advantage over poor Wing, that he may help himself to the viands, and the wine gives him an artificial strength, and a spurious sparkling of the eye, which his unfeasted brother lacks. Six boys at the doorway clatter their cymbals as each guest comes and goes, the constant din of which is any thing but refreshing. By ten o'clock all have separated for their respective homes, and the Pun family retire to rest.

The next day the festivities are renewed; but instead of the gentlemen paying their visits to the bride's bedroom, she comes out when all are seated at the tables, and knocks her head on the ground to her husband's friends. They, unmannerly fellows, pay little attention to this ceremony, but go on eating their nuts, or rather their dried melon-seeds, paying as much attention to the prostrate bride as you might to a dog looking up for a bone. As the son of my father, however, I could not stand this—or rather, I could not sit. So I rose on my feet, and begged her to rise. The Chinese at my table followed my example, and intimated their lordly satisfaction at the homage paid, by saying to the bride, "You are polite, you are polite; that is etiquette: you may get up."

A third day's festivities, with some slight difference in the ceremonies, completed the wedding arrangements of Mr. Pun-wing. That the bride and bridegroom never see each other, and know in fact nothing whatever of each other until the wedding-day, is the proper etiquette. But I believe they very commonly know much more about the arrangements than they profess to do. And what do you think they have instead of bride-cake? A roasted pig! It is cut up, and pieces are sent to the bride's parents and other friends, just as we distribute our much more palatable, though not less digestible cake. But there is more meaning in the pig: the non-receipt of it by the bride's parents causes them anxiety lest some great misfortune should befall their daughter.

The scene at the bride's parents', for two or three days before the wedding, more resembles the preliminaries of a funeral. Every body, especially the bride, is weeping; and if they can not weep a sufficient quantity, hired weepers are engaged, who fill the house with their lamentations, and perform their part so well that any one not knowing that they were only shamming would think their hearts were bursting with grief. Tears flow from their eyes, and they sigh and groan most piteously. All this is supposed to represent the grief of the daughter at parting from her parents.

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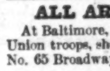

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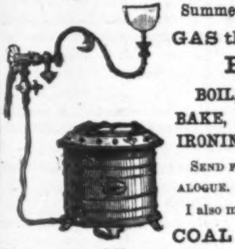

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